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The Making of a Journalist

By JULIAN RALPH

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FOR a dozen years there has not been a month in which I have not been asked by friend and stranger to point out a course of study by which they can enter journalism. Boys and girls have been in the majority, but the interest in this outlet for talent and energy is by no means confined to them. Recently it was an officer in the British Army who came to me for such advice. Still more recently it was an artist, who said that he needed the wonderful training of newspaper life, which forces men to disregard their inclinations, and necessitates instant readiness for whatever work is demanded. While I stopped in London on my return from India the other day, a shrewd publisher assured me there was a great demand for such information in England, and finally, in an American magazine, I read that there has not been attempted in America any effort worthy of the subject.

By drawing from twenty-five years of the most active experience in the newspaper business in America and Europe, varied by magazine work in the lines of travel and descriptive work—which is closer than a cousinship to newspaper work—I am going to tell what I know upon the subject. I will give the advice which I believe to be best for those who wish to enjoy and suffer the good and trying phases of this field of endeavor. It has its "grind," and that shall appear here. It has its dash and danger, its spice and glow, and these shall be described for all that they amount to. It has its honors and prizes, it carries with it importance to some who should stick to it and drudgery to others who should leave it—and this I will explain. And through all that follows, the reader shall have incident, example, illustration and story to clarify and illuminate the text.

Newspaper life, with its prizes and disappointments, is not a narrow field or a little subject—not if one realizes how wide one can stray without losing touch with it. Napoleon not only depended upon the press to prepare France for his plans and to execute many of them, but he directed and worked the newspapers in a way which was instinct with the spirit and genius of journalism. Bismarck's death leaves him revealed to us as an editorial manipulator of newspapers in a way and to a degree which assures us that the spirit of the newspaper man, as well as a correct view of the power and processes of the press, was his. Both of these great men showed that newspaper methods, when sublimated, reach far toward the realms of genius.

The Marquis of Salisbury was once a writer for the press, on editorial lines, to be sure, and yet these brought him into contact with the men and machinery of newspaperdom, and his ampler, mightier career cannot but have been affected by the experience. These examples reflect the spirit or genius of newspaper work, but how many know that there is even a monarch on one of the grandest thrones with whom the journalists half seriously claim a sort of mental kinship? His recent journey to the Holy Land was very like such a "sensation" as a modern millionaire-journalist might conceive and carry out to "increase circulation"—or popularity, in the case of an individual. The hasty ending of the trip, when it was found not to produce the stir that was expected, was also journalistic. Journalists see something of the same element in his mode of compelling popular interest in his navy, his addresses, and in his short, quick dashes into music and the other arts—but these are things of temperament mainly.

When we come to actual writers, some are literary, some are didactic, and some are journalistic, as Dickens was in all he wrote—and Boswell and Samuel Pepys, or, to go further back, as Seutonius and Plutarch were. The greatest feat of exploration—greatest because of its wholly human interest—was but a bit of reporting. I mean Stanley's finding of Livingstone. There are not many men who could carry off such a feat in the way it was done by Stanley, but do not for a moment think that there are not many who would not like to try it. There are thousands in America and in England who rise every morning, hoping, praying, waiting for the orders to do work of that or any other dangerous, big or difficult nature. Personal bravery is not scarce. Even love of risk and danger are literally a drug in the newspaper market to-day! I am going to tell of that in a chapter by itself.

At different times two powerful men of affairs, both gold-magnets who had attracted millions of dollars to their purses, and both large employers of men, commented upon my choice of a profession when I was interviewing them. Each did so from his own point of view of the moment. The one was what we call a "Lumber King." He had to do with a case at law which attracted the attention of all Christendom. It was the trial of Henry Ward Beecher, the noted anti-slavery agitator and popular preacher. Believing that this millionaire knew of something in which the public was keenly interested, I followed him for days—as I would have followed a balloon, a kidnapped girl, or the general in command of an army.

To illustrate why I did this, let me say that one day a friend of mine met a cowboy fifty miles from any town or camp, dragging a steer by a rope. He had lost his horse and was walking. The sun was tropical, water was nowhere to be had, Indians were likely to appear and kill him—still he tugged at his burden, which was harder to pull than if it had been dead. My friend inquired where he was dragging the "cow," and was told that the cowboy's destination was a place two days distant on horseback.

"Why!" my friend exclaimed, "what makes you try to pull a cow all that distance?"

"Because I've got it to do," was the laconic answer of the cowboy.

That is at once the motto, the excuse and the exultant battle-cry of every earnest worker on the press: "I've got it to do." Until he has a thing to do it may not interest him at all; he may even congratulate himself that he is not called upon for the work in question. But when the order is given he is elated, nerved up and pushed forward in a degree which swells with the difficulty of the task.

I pursued my millionaire because I had it to do. I sat on his doorstep until midnight. I was at his house before breakfast. I sent in my card wherever he called on business, or his social rounds. At last, at one o'clock in the night, he bade me come in. "I am amazed at your persistence and patience and diligence," he said. "It is marvelous to me. I cannot understand why you do it, or how any employer finds men who will persevere as you have done—for mere wages. Of one thing I am sure: I am reputed to be worth millions, but if I could employ such men as work on the press I should be worth ten times what I am. Such self-sacrifice is not known in any other business."

But there was yet another view. I remembered what Commodore Vanderbilt, the founder of the Vanderbilt

wealth and family, had said to me. He was leaning out of his light wagon behind the fastest pair of horses in America, for I had insisted upon interviewing him.

"You have mastered the intricacies of a very complex business matter," said he, "which has been the subject of thought and study with me for years. That you can do this and still remain in the newspaper business is very remarkable. Why do you do it? What do you gain by it? You are only just at the edge of manhood and are getting the wages of a clerk. Stay in the business and you may eventually make five times as much, but it will still be wages; you will still be working for others, and as you grow older you must work harder and harder. Take my earnest advice: leave newspapers alone and go into something that offers a better chance—something that will give you a solid reward—that will let you rest when you are tired."

By taking up this subject the shrewd old man avoided telling me the news for which I had come to him. What he said amounts to Punch's advice—"Don't." Believe me, it is good advice to most of those who will read this. Don't even try journalism unless you are certain it is your forte. In the United States—and in England, also, now that the press is undergoing a revolution there—it offers more money at the start than comes with almost any other line of work. It continues to return good pay to those who prove themselves its masters. But its training tends to prevent the formation of habits of thrift, to make men careless of the future; and it demands high-pressure service to the end, even when one's energies have to be worked up with a forced draught.

Do you aim at a large income for life? How many large salaries are paid in all newspaperdom? Compare the number of the lucky ones with the number who are poorly paid. Do you aim at editorial control of a newspaper? How many men have got such control as compared with the men who work for them—a dozen in fifteen hundred, say. And of that dozen, how many control paying properties? Far fewer yet; fewer than you would believe unless you happen to be in the secrets of the calling.

No born man of the press will deny the other side of the case, namely, that if the microbe is in your blood, facts and figures may go hang themselves, and hardship, exposure, danger will only serve to push you farther in. The prospect of a whole lifetime's incessant strain and toil will prove but as the sauce to the dish. You might as well ask the coming Nelson if he has thought what a dog's life a sailor's is. You might equally as well reason with the round-headed youth who itches to be a poorly paid human target in the front rank when England and Russia breathe hot in each other's faces in Asia.

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How may any man or woman, boy or girl, know whether he or she is fitted to try this singular life? By any course of study? That is useless and impracticable except he be going into editorial work, and even then he should begin as a reporter and rise up to the other work. It is not good to enter a ship by the cabin window. You cannot direct sailors unless you know the ropes yourself. For every branch of journalism the education of a printing-office used to be all that was necessary, and the printing-offices turned out good material. To-day we think a sound common-school education is better and a college training is better yet. But education or the lack of it should not either rejoice or deter any earnest youth who is going to join the press, for service there is in itself an education, and to get its benefits the main requirement is to be naturally gifted or fitted for it.

How shall the candidate know whether he is qualified? First, I should say, by his study of his own inclination, and next by what he knows or is told by good judges of his ability as a letter-writer. Whoever cannot freely and easily write a good, readable, informing or amusing letter cannot write at all; whoever does, with ease and pleasure, write good letters *may* be able to write for the press. Good literature should be studied, and constant practice is a fine teacher. I once asked a man whose "style" is greatly admired by good judges, what book had influenced him most. "Boswell's *Johnson*, undoubtedly," he replied; "I am always picking it up and reading it." General Grant's Memoirs is an excellent model. Stevenson's Treasure Island is a magnificent specimen of clear, graphic, crisp and yet rich composition. But read any of a hundred other writers whose work has stood in high rank for longer than a generation: the Bible first; then Shakespeare; after those, Thackeray, Scott, Emerson, Holmes, Balzac, and Victor Hugo. If money is lacking and books are hard to procure, be content with the Bible and Robinson Crusoe. You are not likely ever to learn to do better writing than is in those two books.

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This point settled, the next thing is to write something for a newspaper. The press is not a charmed circle nor a secret fraternity. It is wide open and all-devouring. If I were stranded in a city or town and needed money I would walk the streets until I saw something novel or peculiar to the place, and that I should describe as I saw it, for the best newspaper there. I should not look for news. No one looks for that any more. That is an old-fashioned idea which outsiders will persist in retaining. News is now gathered systematically by men stationed at all the outlets of it, like guards at the gates of a walled city, by whom nothing can pass in or out unnoticed. You might start in chubby and beardless and grow bald and bent while looking for news without ever finding any.

Look for something human, pathetic, picturesque, humorous or peculiar in some way or other—then write that. Make a "special article," as we say. Nothing is too old or hackneyed—the flight of a runaway cab, the torturing of a neighborhood by a talking parrot, the behavior and comments of the crowd at a fire—any one of ten millions of subjects will serve, provided you know how to bring out whatever it was that interested you. Two or three such bits of work will be more apt to get you a place on a paper than anything else that you can do.

One way that I have seen to work successfully is to go to a newspaper office and sit there every day, all day, for weeks; another is to report there every morning until it happens that something is wanted when no one else is by. But these methods require capital to live on and patience for a bedfellow. And at the end you still must prove your worth by writing. Then write to begin with. It is the simplest and best way to get on. Above all, do not easily be discouraged. I wrote occasionally for the magazines for thirteen years before I had an article accepted by one.

On the other hand, I became a newspaper writer in a day by describing the antics of a mad bull in the streets of a village. One of the very ablest men who has served in American journalism simply sent a naïve request to be taken on the New York Sun and inclosed his photograph. The method was so singular that it succeeded. A journalist who is now managing a London paper began by asking for a place as a reporter on a newspaper, and was told that there was no such place vacant, but that a man who could manage a typewriter was sorely needed. He took the typewriter's place, and once inside the office, worked his way speedily upon the staff by such "special" writing as I have described. Mr. Kennedy Jones, one of the brightest of the new-school journalists of London, wrote a series of articles describing the typical characters of Glasgow in order to get a place on a newspaper in that city. To-day he described the life of a city clerk, next week he took up the shopgirl, after that the car-driver, and did the work in such a manner as to be eagerly taken on. One of the greatest book reviewers in America, who then had no experience, but needed employment, walked into a newspaper office and asked for work. The editor took a book off his desk and said, "Review that." He wrote such a scholarly article—and so promptly—that he earned a hundred dollars a week at once and double as much soon afterward. Horace Greeley, Mark Twain and scores of others began as printers' "devils"—a route into journalism which is still certain to be followed for a long time to come—in country journalism in America, at all events.

One day a college professor applied to an editor for a place, and the editor said to me: "This man is from my college and I want to oblige him. Please think out something that he can do which requires no training." I suggested that he read the foreign papers and pick out of them the uncommon and the human things and notes of queer customs which have endured since ancient days. He came and succeeded at once. I mention this because it is such a singular case. As a rule, when a man applies for a position, he is the one who must do the necessary thinking.

Editor's Note—This is the first of twelve papers on The Making of a Journalist, by Julian Ralph. Each paper can be read and enjoyed separately.

THE FINISH OF PATSY BARNES

By PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Drawing by C. D. Williams

—PATSY THINKS OF THE SICK WOMAN AT HOME AND WHAT THAT RACE WILL MEAN TO HER, AND THEN HIS KNEES CLOSE AGAINST THE HORSE'S SIDES WITH A FIRMER DIG

HIS name was Patsy Barnes, and he was a denizen of Little Africa. In fact, he lived on Douglass Street. By all the laws governing the relations between people and their names, he should have been Irish—but he was not. He was colored, and very much so. That was the reason he lived on Douglass Street. The negro was very strong within him (the instinct of colonization), and it was in accordance with this that Patsy's mother had found her way to Little Africa when she had come North from Kentucky.

Patsy was incorrigible. Even into the confines of Little Africa had penetrated the truant-officer and the terrible penalty of the compulsory education law. Time and time again had poor Eliza Barnes been brought up on account of the shortcomings of that son of hers. She was a hard-working, honest woman, and day by day bent over her tub, scrubbing away to keep Patsy in shoes and jackets, that would wear out so much faster than they could be bought. But she never murmured, for she loved the boy with a deep affection, and his misdeeds were a sore thorn in her side.

She wanted him to go to school. She wanted him to learn. She had the notion that he might become something better, something higher than she had been. But for him school had no charms; his school was the cool stalls in the big livery stable near at hand; the arena of his pursuits its sawdust floor; the height of his ambition, to be a horseman. Either here or in the racing stables at the Fair-grounds he spent his truant hours. It was a school that taught much, and Patsy was as apt a pupil as he was a constant attendant. He learned strange things about horses, and fine, sonorous oaths that sounded eerie on his young lips, for he was only turned into his fourteenth year.

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A man goes where he is appreciated; then could this slim black boy be blamed for doing the same thing? He was a great favorite with the horsemen, and picked up many a dime or nickel for dancing or singing, or even a quarter for warming up a horse for its owner. He was not to be blamed for this, for, first of all, he was born in Kentucky, and had spent the very days of his infancy about the paddocks near Lexington, where his father had sacrificed his life on account of his love for horses. The little fellow had shed no tears when he looked at his father's bleeding body, bruised and broken by the fiery young two-year-old he was trying to subdue. Patsy did not sob or whimper, though his heart ached, for over all the feeling of his grief was a mad, burning desire to ride that horse.

His tears were shed, however, when, actuated by the idea that times would be easier up North, they moved to Dalesford. Then, when he learned that he must leave his old friends, the horses and their masters, whom he had known, he wept. The comparatively meagre appointments of the Fair-grounds at Dalesford proved a poor compensation for all these. For the first few weeks Patsy had dreams of running away—back to Kentucky and the horses and stables. Then after a while he settled himself with heroic resolution to make the best of what he had, and with a mighty effort took up the burden of life away from his beloved home.

Eliza Barnes, older and more experienced though she was, took up her burden with a less cheerful philosophy than her son. She worked hard, and made a scanty livelihood, it is true, but she did not make the best of what she had. Her complainings were loud in the land, and her wailings for her old home smote the ears of any who would listen to her.

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They had been living in Dalesford for a year nearly when hard work and exposure brought the woman down to bed with pneumonia. They were very poor—too poor even to call in a doctor, so there was nothing to do but to call in the city physician. Now this medical man had too frequent calls into Little Africa, and he did not like to go there. So he was very gruff when any of its denizens called him, and it was even said that he was careless of his patients.

Patsy's heart bled as he heard the doctor talking to his mother:

"Now, there can't be any foolishness about this," he said. "You've got to stay in bed and not get yourself damp."

"How long you think I got to lay hyeah, doctah?" she asked.

"I'm a doctor, not a fortune teller," was the reply. "You'll lie there as long as the disease holds you."

"But I cain't lay hyeah long, doctah, case I ain't got nuffin' to go on."

"Well, take your choice: the bed or the boneyard."

Eliza began to cry.

"You needn't sniffle," said the doctor; "I don't see what you people want to come up here for anyhow. Why don't you stay down South where you belong? You come up here and you're just a burden and a trouble to the city. The South deals with all of you better, both in poverty and crime." He knew that these people did not understand him, but he wanted an outlet for the heat within him.

There was another angry being in the room, and that was Patsy. His eyes were full of tears that scorched him and would not fall. The memory of many beautiful and appropriate oaths came to him; but he dared not let his mother hear him swear. Oh! to have a stone—to be across the street from that man!

When the physician walked out, Patsy went to the bed, took his mother's hand, and bent over shamefacedly to kiss her. He did not know that with that act the Recording Angel blotted out many a curious oath of his.

The little mark of affection comforted Eliza unspeakably. The mother-feeling overwhelmed her in one burst of tears. Then she dried her eyes and smiled at him.

"Nevah min', honey," she said; "mammy ain' gwine lay hyeah long. She be all right putty soon."

"Nevah you min'," said Patsy with a choke in his voice. "I can do somep'n', an' we'll have anothah doctah."

"La, listen at de chile; what kin you do?"

"I'm goin' down to McCarthy's stable and see if I kin git some horses to exercise."

A sad look came into Eliza's eyes as she said: "You'd bettah not go, Patsy; dem hosses'll kill you yit, des lak dey did yo' pappy."

But the boy was obdurate, and left the room.

He went right to his point with McCarthy, the liveryman.

The boy's honest desire to be helpful tickled the big Irishman's sense of humor, and from then on, instead of giving Patsy a horse to ride now and then, he put into his charge all the animals that needed exercise.

His earnings were small yet, and would go for food rather than a doctor, but Eliza was inordinately proud, and it was this pride that gave her strength and the desire of life to carry her through the days approaching the crisis of her disease.

As Patsy saw his mother growing worse, saw her gasping for breath and racked with pain, saw the pitiful appeal in her poor eyes, he became convinced that the city doctor was not helping her. She must have another. But the money?

That afternoon found him at the Fair-grounds. The spring races were on, and he thought he might get a job warming up the horse of some independent jockey. He hung around the stables, listening to the talk of men he knew and some he had never seen before. Among the latter was a tall, lanky man, holding forth to a group of men.

"No, suh," he was saying to them generally, "I'm goin' to withdraw my hoss, because thaih ain't nobody to ride him as he ought to be rode. I haven't brought a jockey along with me, so I've got to depend on pick-ups. Now, the talent's set agin my hoss, Black Boy, because he's been losin' regular, but that hoss has lost for the want of ridin', that's all."

The crowd looked in at the slim-legged, raw-boned horse, and walked away laughing.

"The fools!" muttered the stranger. "If I could ride myself I'd show 'em!"

Patsy was gazing into the stall at the horse.

"What are you doing there," called the owner to him.

"Look hyeah, mister," said Patsy, "ain't that a bluegrass hoss?"

"Of co'se it is, an' one o' the fastest thah evah grazed."

"I'll ride that hoss, mister."

"What do you know 'bout ridin'?"

"I used to gin'ally be' roun' Mister Boone's paddock in Lexington, an'——"

"Aroun' Boone's paddock—what! Look here, little nigger, if you can ride that hoss to a winnin' I'll give you more money than you ever seen before."

"I'll ride him."

Patsy's heart was beating very wildly beneath his jacket. He knew that glossy coat. He knew that raw-boned frame and those flashing nostrils. That black horse there owed something to the orphan he had made.

Long before the time for the race Patsy went into the stall to become better acquainted with his horse. The animal turned its wild eyes upon him and neighed. He patted the long, slender head, and grinned as the horse stepped aside.

"He sholy is full o' ginger," he said to the owner, whose name he had found to be Brackett.

"He'll show 'em a thing or two," laughed Brackett.

"His dam was a fast one," said Patsy unconsciously.

Brackett whirled on him in a flash. "What do you know about his dam?" he asked.

The boy stammeringly told the story of his father's death and the horse's connection therewith.

"Well," said Brackett, "if you don't turn out a hoodoo, you're a winner, sure. But I'll be blessed if this don't sound like a story! But I've heard that story before. The man I got Black Boy from told it to me."

When the bell sounded and Patsy went out to warm up, he felt as if he were riding on air. Some of the jockeys laughed at his get-up, but there was something in him—or under him, maybe—that made him scorn their derision. Then the bell called him back to the stand.

They did not get away at first, and back they trooped. A second trial was a failure. But at the third they were off in a line as straight as a chalk-mark. There were Essex and Firefly, Queen Bess and Mosquito, galloping away side by side, and Black Boy a neck ahead. Patsy knew the family reputation of his horse for endurance as well as fire, and began riding the race from the first. Black Boy came of blood that would not be passed, and to this his rider trusted. At the eighth the line was hardly broken, but as the quarter was reached Black Boy had increased his lead, and Mosquito was at his flank. Then, like a flash, Essex shot out ahead under whip and spur, his jockey standing straight in the stirrups.

The crowd in the stand screamed; but Patsy smiled as he lay low over his horse's neck. He saw that Essex had made her best spurt. His only fear was for Mosquito, who hugged and hugged his flank. They were nearing the three-quarter post, and he was tightening his grip on the black. Essex fell back; his spurt was over. The whip fell unheeded on his sides. The spurs dug him in vain.

Another cheer from the stand, and again Patsy smiled as they turn into the stretch. Mosquito has gained a head. The colored boy flashes one glance at the horse and rider who are so surely gaining upon him, and his lips close in a grim line. They are half way down the stretch, and Mosquito's head is at the black's neck.

For a single moment Patsy thinks of the sick woman at home and what that race will mean to her, and then his knees close against the horse's sides with a firmer dig. The spurs shoot deeper into the steaming flanks. Black Boy shall win; he must win. The horse that has taken away his father shall give him back his mother. The black leaps away like a flash, and goes under the wire—a length ahead.

Then the band thundered, and Patsy was off his horse, very warm and very happy, following his mount to the stable. There, a little later, Brackett found him. He rushed to him, and flung his arms around him.

"You little devil," he cried, "you rode like you were related to that hoss! We've won! We've won!" And he began thrusting banknotes at the boy. At first Patsy's eyes bulged, and then he seized the money and got into his clothes.

An hour later he walked into his mother's room with a very big doctor, the greatest the druggist could direct him to. The doctor left his medicines and his orders, but, when Patsy told his story, it was Eliza's pride that started her on the road to recovery. Patsy did not tell his horse's name.

What Happened at the Fonda.

By BRET HARTE

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PART I

"WELL!" said the editor of the Mountain Clarion, looking up, "what's the matter now?"

The intruder in his sanctum was his foreman. He was also acting as pressman, as might be seen from his shirt sleeves, spattered with ink, rolled up over the arm that had just been working "the Archimedian lever that moves the world," which was the editor's favorite allusion to the hand-press that strict economy obliged the Clarion to use. His braces, slipped from his shoulders during his work, were looped negligently on either side, their functions being replaced by one hand which occasionally hitched up his trousers to a securer position. A pair of down-at-heel slippers—dear to the country printer—completed his négligée.

But the editor knew that the ink-spattered arm was sinewy and ready, that a stout and loyal heart beat under the soiled shirt, and that the slipshod slippers did not prevent its owner's foot from being "put down" very firmly on occasion. He accordingly met the shrewd, good-humored blue eyes of his henchman with an interrogating smile.

"I won't keep you long," said the foreman, glancing at the editor's copy with his habitual half-humorous toleration of that work—it being his general conviction that news and advertisements were the only valuable features of a newspaper; "I only wanted to talk to you a minute about makin' suthin' more o' this yer accident to Kernel Starbottle."

"Well, we've a full report of it in, haven't we?" said the editor wonderingly. "I have even made an editorial paragraph about the frequency of these accidents, and called attention to the danger of those half-broken Spanish mustangs."

"Yes, ye did that," said the foreman tolerantly; "but ye see, thar's some folks around here that allow it warn't no accident. There's a heap o' them believe that no runaway hoss ever mauled the Kernel ez *he* got mauled."

"But I heard it from the Colonel's own lips," said the editor, "and *he* surely ought to know."

"He mout know and he moutent, and if he *did* know he wouldn't tell," said the foreman musingly, rubbing his chin with the cleaner side of his arm. "Ye didn't see him when he was picked up, did ye?"

"No," said the editor. "Only after the doctor had attended him. Why?"

"Jake Parmlee, ez picked him up outer the ditch, sez that he was half choked, and his black silk neck handkercher was pulled tight around his throat. There was a mark on his nose ez ef some one had tried to gouge out his eye, and his left ear was chawed ez ef he'd bin down in a regiar rough-and-tumble clinch."

"He told me his horse bolted, buck-jumped, threw him, and he lost consciousness," said the editor positively. "He had no reason for lying, and a man like Starbottle, who carries a Derringer and is a dead shot, would have left his mark on somebody if he'd been attacked."

"That's what the boys say is just the reason why he lied. He was *took suddent*, don't ye see—he hed no show—and don't like to confess it. See? A man like *him* ain't goin' to advertise that he kin be tackled and left senseless and no one else got hurt by it! His political influence would be ruined here!"

The editor was momentarily staggered at this large truth.

"Nonsense!" he said with a laugh. "Who would attack Colonel Starbottle in that fashion? He might have been shot on sight by some political enemy with whom he had quarreled—but not *beaten*."

"S'pose it warn't no political enemy?" said the foreman doggedly.

"Then who else could it be?" demanded the editor.

"That's jest for the press to find out and expose," returned the foreman with a significant glance at the editor's desk. "I reckon that's whar the Clarion ought to come in."

"In a matter of this kind," said the editor promptly, "the paper has no business to interfere with a man's statement. The Colonel has a perfect right to his own secret—if there is one, which I very much doubt. But," he added in laughing recognition of the half-reproachful, half-humorous discontent on the foreman's face, "what dreadful theory have *you* and the boys got about it—and what do *you* expect to expose?"

"Well," said the foreman very seriously, "it's jest this: You see, the Kernel is mighty sweet on that Spanish woman Ramierez up on the hill yonder. It was her mustang he was riding when the row happened near her house."

"Well?" said the editor with disconcerting placidity.

"Well——" hesitated the foreman, "you see, they're a bad lot, those Greasers—especially the Ramierez, her husband."

The editor knew that the foreman was only echoing the provincial prejudice against this race which he himself had always combated. Ramierez kept a *fonda* or hostelry on a small estate—the last of many leagues formerly owned by the Spanish grantee, his landlord—and had a wife of some small coquetries. Gambling took place at the *fonda*, and it was said the common prejudice against the Mexican did not, however, prevent the American from trying to win his money. There was no doubt about that.

"Then you think Ramierez was jealous of the Colonel? But in that case he would have knifed him—Spanish fashion—and not without a struggle."

"There's more ways they have o' killin' a man than that; he might hev bin dragged off his horse by a lasso and choked," said the foreman darkly.

The editor had heard of this vaquero method of putting an enemy *hors de combat;* but it was a clumsy performance for the public road, and the brutality of its manner would have justified the Colonel in exposing it.

The foreman saw the incredulity expressed in his face and said somewhat aggressively: "Of course I know ye don't take no stock in what's said again the Greasers, and that's what the boys know, and what they said, and that's the reason why I thought I oughter tell ye—so that ye mightn't seem to be always favorin' them."

The editor's face darkened slightly, but he kept his temper and his good humor. "So that to prove that the Clarion is unbiased where the Mexicans are concerned I ought to make it their only accuser, and cast a doubt on the American's veracity?" he said with a smile.

"I don't mean that," said the foreman reddening. "Only I thought ye might—as ye understand these folks' ways—ye might be able to get at them easy, and mebbe make some copy outer the blamed thing. It would just make a stir here, and be a big boom for the Clarion."

"I've no doubt it would," said the editor dryly. "However, I'll make some inquiries; but you might as well let 'the boys' know that the Clarion will not publish the Colonel's secret without his permission. Meanwhile," he continued, smiling, "if you are very anxious to add the functions of a reporter to your other duties and bring me any discoveries you may make, I'll—look over your copy."

He good-humoredly nodded and took up his pen again—a hint at which the embarrassed foreman, under cover of hitching up his trousers, awkwardly and reluctantly withdrew.

It was with some natural youthful curiosity, but no lack of loyalty to Colonel Starbottle, that the editor that evening sought this "war-horse of the Democracy," as he was familiarly known, in his invalid chamber at the Palmetto Hotel. He found the hero with a bandaged ear and—perhaps it was fancy, suggested by the story of the choking—cheeks more than usually suffused and apoplectic. Nevertheless, he was seated by the table with a mint julep before him, and welcomed the editor by instantly ordering another.

The editor was glad to find him so much better.

"Gad, sir, no bones broken—but a good deal of 'possum scratching about the head, for such a little throw like that. I must have slid a yard or two on my left ear before I brought up."

"You were unconscious from the fall, I believe?"

"Only for an instant, sir—a single instant! I recovered myself with the assistance of a No'thern gentleman—a Mr. Parmlee—who was passing."

"Then you think your injuries were entirely due to your fall?"

The Colonel paused with the mint julep half way to his lips, and set it down. "Sir!" he ejaculated with astounded indignation.

"You say you were unconscious," returned the editor lightly, "and some of your friends think the injuries inconsistent with what you believe to be the cause. They are

"Perfectly, sir!—perfectly!—as plain as I see this before me"

concerned lest you were unknowingly the victim of some foul play."

"Unknowingly! Sir! Do they take me for a chuckle-headed niggah, that I don't know when I'm thrown from a buck-jumping mustang—or do they think I'm a Chinaman to be hustled and beaten by a gang o' bullies? Do they know, sir, that the account I have given I am responsible for, sir? —personally responsible?"

There was no doubt to the editor that the Colonel was perfectly serious, and that the indignation arose from no guilty consciousness of a secret. A man as peppery as the Colonel would have been equally alert in defense.

"They feared that you might have been ill-used by some evilly disposed person during your unconsciousness," explained the editor diplomatically; "but as you say *that* was only for a moment, and that you were aware of everything that happened——" He paused.

"Perfectly, sir!—perfectly!—as plain as I see this julep before me. I had just left the Ramierez rancho. The Señora—a devilish pretty woman, sir—after a little playful badinage, had offered to lend me her daughter's mustang if I could ride it home. You know what it is, Mr. Grey," he said gallantly. "I'm an older man than you, sir, but a challenge from a fascinating creature, I trust, sir, I am not yet old enough to decline. Gad, sir, I mounted the brute. I've ridden Morgan stock and Blue Grass thoroughbreds bare-backed, sir, but I've never thrown my leg over such a blanked Chinese cracker before. After he bolted I held my own fairly, but he buck-jumped before I could lock my spurs under him, and the second jump landed me!"

"How far from the Ramierez fonda were you when you were thrown?"

"A matter of four or five hundred yards, sir."

"Then your accident might have been seen from the fonda?"

"Scarcely, sir. For in that case I may say, without vanity, that—er—the—er Señora would have come to my assistance."

"But not her husband?"

The old-fashioned shirt-frill which the Colonel habitually wore grew erectile with a swelling indignation, possibly half assumed to conceal a certain conscious satisfaction beneath. "Mr. Grey," he said with pained severity, "as a personal friend of mine, and a representative of the press—a power which I respect—I purposely overlook a disparaging reflection, which I can only attribute to the levity of youth and thoughtlessness. At the same time, sir," he added with illogical sequence, "if Ramierez felt aggrieved at my attentions, he knew where I could be found, sir, and that it was not my habit to decline giving gentlemen—of any nationality—satisfaction—sir!—personal satisfaction."

He paused, and then added with a singular blending of anxiety and a certain natural dignity, "I trust, sir, that nothing of this—er—kind will appear in your paper."

"It was to keep it out by learning the truth from you, my dear Colonel," said the editor lightly, "that I called to-day. Why, it was even suggested," he added with a laugh, "that you were half strangled by a lasso."

To his surprise the Colonel did not join in the laugh, but brought his hand to his loose cravat with an uneasy gesture, and a somewhat disturbed face.

"I admit, sir," he said with a forced smile, "that I experienced a certain sensation of choking—and—I may have mentioned it to Mr. Parmlee, but it was due, I believe, sir, to my cravat—which I always wear loosely, as you perceive—becoming twisted in my fall and in rolling over."

He extended his fat white hand to the editor, who shook it cordially and then withdrew. Nevertheless, although perfectly satisfied with his mission and firmly resolved to prevent any further discussion of the subject, Mr. Grey's curiosity was not wholly appeased. What were the relations of the Colonel with the Ramierez family? From what he, himself, had said, the theory of the foreman as to the motives of the attack might have been possible, and the assault itself committed while the Colonel was unconscious. He, however, kept this to himself, briefly told his foreman that he found no reason to add to the account already in type, and dismissed the subject from his mind. The Colonel left the town the next day.

A week afterward, one morning the foreman entered the sanctum cautiously and, closing the door of the composing room behind him, stood for a moment before the editor with a singular combination of irresolution, shamefacedness and humorous discomfiture in his face.

Answering the editor's look of inquiry, he began slowly: "Mebbe ye remember when we was talkin' last week o' Kernel Starbottle's accident, I sorter allowed that he knew all the time *why* he was attacked that way, only he wouldn't tell?"

"Yes, I remember you were incredulous," said the editor, smiling.

"Well, I take it all back! I reckon he told all he knew. I was wrong! I cave!"

"Why?" asked the editor wonderingly.

"Well, I've been through the mill myself!"

He unbuttoned his shirt collar—pointed to his neck, which showed a slight abrasion and a small livid mark of strangulation at the throat, and added with a grim smile: "And I've got about as much proof as I want."

The editor put down his pen and stared at him.

"You see, Mr. Grey, it was partly your fault! When you bedeviled me about getting that news and allowed I might try my hand at reportin', I was fool enough to take up the challenge. So once or twice, when I was off duty here, I hung around the Ramierez shanty. Once I went in thar when they were gamblin'; thar war one or two Americans thar that war winnin' as far as I could see, and was pretty full o' that *aguardiente* that they sell thar—that kills at forty rods. You see, I had a kind o' suspicion that ef thar was any foul play goin' on it might be worked on these fellers *arter* they were drunk, and war goin' home with thar winnin's."

"So you gave up your theory of the Colonel being attacked from jealousy?" said the editor smilingly.

"Hol' on! I ain't through yet! I only reckoned that ef thar was a gang of roughs kept thar on the premises they might be used for that purpose, and I only wanted to ketch 'em at their work. So I jest meandered into the road when they war about comin' out, and kept my eye skinned for what might happen. Thar was a kind o' corral about a hundred yards down the road, half adobe wall and a stockade o' palin's on top of it, about six feet high. Some of the palin's were off, and I peeped through, but thar warn't nobody thar. I stood thar, alongside the bank, leanin' my back agin one o' them openin's, and jest watched and waited.

"All of a suddent I felt myself grabbed by my coat collar behind, and my neck handkercher and collar drawn tight around my throat till I couldn't breathe. The more I twisted round the tighter the clinch seemed to get. I couldn't holler nor speak, but thar I stood with my mouth open, pinned back agin that cursed stockade and my arms and legs movin' up and down, like one o' them dancin' jacks! It seems funny, Mr. Grey—I reckon I looked like a darned fool—but I don't wanter feel agin as I did jest then. The clinch on my throat got tighter; everything got black about me; I was jest goin' off and kalkilatin' it was about time for you to advertise for another foreman, when suthin' broke—fetched away!

"It was my collar-button, and I dropped like a shot. It was a minit before I could get my breath agin, and when I did and managed to climb that darned stockade and drop on the other side, thar warn't a soul to be seen! A few hosses that stampeded in my gettin' over the fence war all that was thar! I was mighty shook up, you bet!—and, to make the hull thing perfectly ridiklous, when I got back to the road, after all I'd got through, darn my skin ef thar wasn't that pesky lot o' drunken men staggerin' along, jinglin' the scads they had won, and enjoyin' themselves—and nobody a-followin' them! I jined 'em jest for kempany's sake till we got back to town, but nothin' happened."

"But, my dear Richards," said the editor warmly, "this is no longer a matter of mere reporting—but of business for the *police*. You must see the Deputy Sheriff at once, and bring your complaint—or shall I? It's no joking matter!"

"Hol' on, Mr. Grey," said Richards slowly. "I've told this to nobody but you—nor am I goin' to—*sabe?* It's an affair of my own—and I reckon I kin take care of it without goin' to the Revised Statutes of the State of California, or callin' out the Sheriff's posse."

His humorous blue eyes just then had certain steely points in them like glittering facets as he turned them away, which the editor had seen before on momentous occasions, and he was speaking slowly and composedly, which the editor also knew boded no good to an adversary.

"Don't be a fool, Richards," he said quietly. "Don't take as a personal affront what was a common, vulgar crime. You would undoubtedly have been robbed by that rascal had not the others come along."

Richards shook his head. "I might hev bin robbed a dozen times afore *they* came along—ef that was the little game. No, Mr. Grey—it wasn't no robbery."

"Had you been paying court to the Señorita Ramierez, like Colonel Starbottle?" asked the editor with a smile.

"Not much," returned Richards scornfully; "she ain't my style. But," he hesitated, and then added, "thar was a mighty purty gal thar—and her darter, I reckon—a reg'lar pink fairy! She kem in only a minit, and they sorter hustled her out agin—for darn my skin ef she didn't look as much out o' place in that smoky old garlic-smellin' room as an angel at a bull-fight! And what got me—she was ez white ez you or me, with blue eyes and a lot o' dark reddish hair in a long braid down her back. Why, only for her purty sing-song voice and her '*Gracias Señor*,' you'd hev reckoned she was a Blue Grass girl jest fresh from across the plains."

A little amused at his foreman's enthusiasm, Mr. Grey gave an ostentatious whistle and said: "Come now, Richards, look here! Really!"

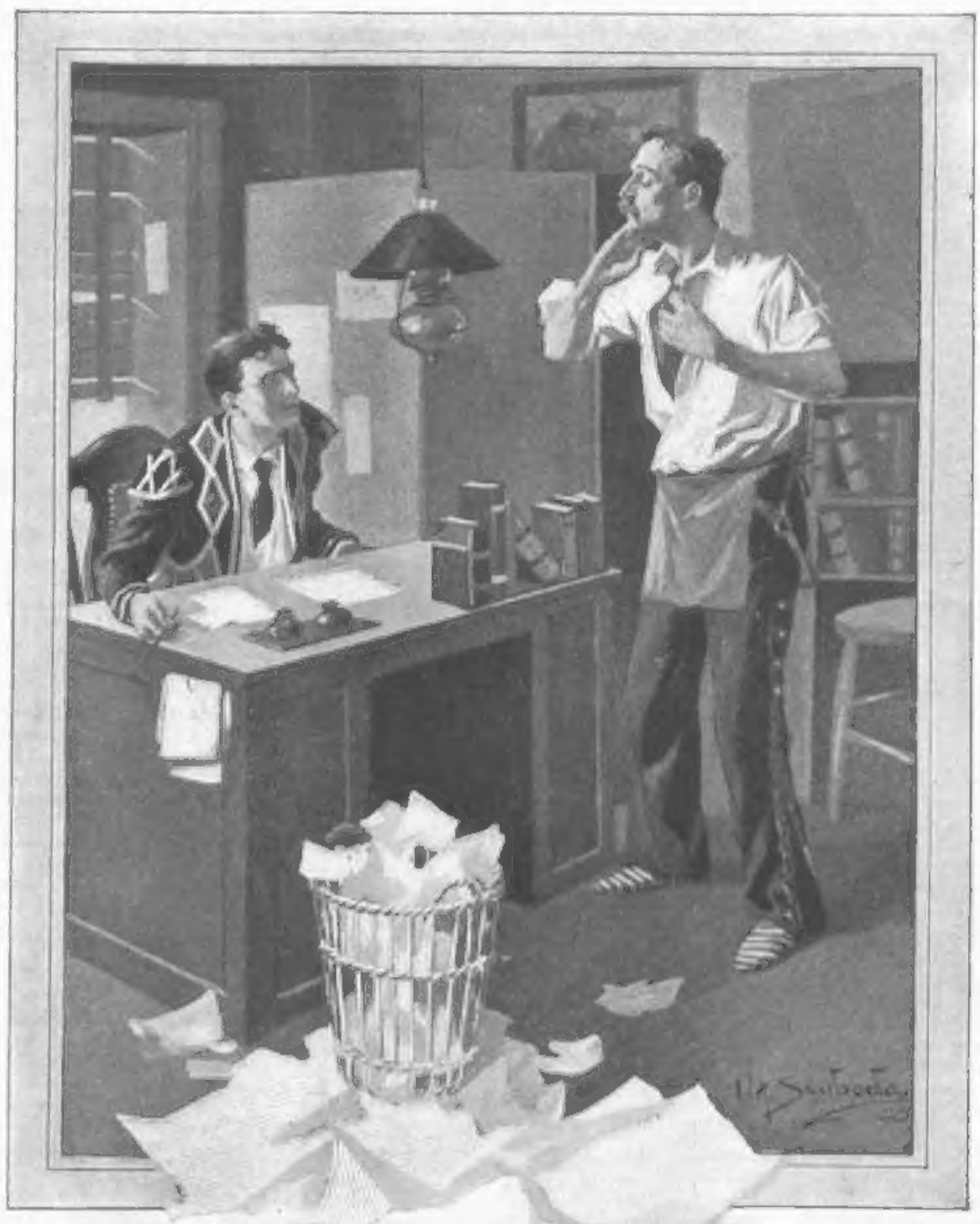
"Only a little girl—a mere child, Mr. Grey—not mor'n fourteen *ef* a day," responded Richards in embarrassed deprecation.

"Yes, but those people marry at twelve," said the editor with a laugh. "Look out! Your appreciation may have been noticed by some other admirer."

He half regretted this speech the next moment in the quick flush—the male instinct of rivalry—that brought back the glitter of Richards' eyes. "I reckon I kin take care o' that, sir," he said slowly, "and I kalkilate the next time I meet that chap he won't see so much o' my back as he did."

The editor knew there was little doubt of this, and for an instant believed it his duty to put the matter in the hands of the police. Richards was too good and brave a man to be risked in a barroom fight. But, reflecting that this might precipitate the scandal he wished to avoid, he concluded to make some personal investigation. A stronger curiosity than he had felt before was possessing him. It was singular, too, that Richards' description of the girl was that of a different and superior type—the *hidalgo*, or fair-skinned Spanish settler. If this was true, what was she doing there—and what were her relations to the Ramierez?

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



HE UNBUTTONED HIS SHIRT COLLAR—POINTED TO HIS NECK, WHICH SHOWED A SLIGHT ABRASION AND A SMALL LIVID MARK OF STRANGULATION

—"thar was a mighty purty gal thar—and her darter, I reckon—a reg'lar pink fairy!"

Ignorance on Both Sides

THE ignorance of neighboring nations respecting each other was exemplified by Don M. Romero, the Mexican author and publicist, who is just now very much in the public eye. He was at a reception when a lady said:

"It is very strange, Señor, how little your people know of our country. Once in the City of Mexico some people asked me where I came from. I told them Boston, whereupon they asked in what part of Europe it was."

Señor Romero answered: "That is on a par with the remark made to me by the wife of one of your Congressmen. She said: 'I always feel so sorry for the poorer classes of your country. In the hot weather they have no clothes, and have to oil themselves to prevent sunstroke.'"

STEVENSON'S PATTERN OF THE IDEAL LIFE

To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little and to spend a little less; to make upon the whole a family happier by his presence; to renounce where that shall be necessary, and not to be embittered; to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation; above all, on the same grim conditions, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.

—STEVENSON'S MOTTO.

By NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

OUR literature holds many mottoes and messages that are full of inspiration for hearts young and old; but none is more inspiring than Robert Louis Stevenson's ideal for the perfect life as set forth in his own words on the fountain erected to his memory in San Francisco. Scholars like Edmund Gosse and Andrew Lang count Stevenson the most exquisite English writer of his generation, yet his literary art was the least of Stevenson's claims upon our loving regard. If the stories he wrote and the poems he perfected are at last forgotten, what the man was will live; for he was at once the most unselfish and the most lovable of human beings.

At twenty he was a nervous wreck struggling against unceasing hemorrhages, doomed daily to tinker up his injured body; at thirty, too weak to do more than sit up in bed and mould clay figures, he gave form to those matchless stories that delighted our childhood and youth. Despite poverty, exile, loneliness, ill health, ingratitude, this dauntless Bayard of literature rose victorious above his troubles, suffered defeat without being embittered, and remained to the last the child of laughter and perpetual sunshine. From his friends he conquered this tribute: "He was always eager to help his fellows; always ready to take the second place; with great difficulty offended, by the least show of repentance perfectly appeased." Expecting to die any day for twenty years, Stevenson searched out the kernel of life and cast away its husks. Each new morn seemed like a golden gift from God—a gift of which he must make the most. Feeling that at best life must soon end, Stevenson passed before his mind all young hearts and old, and for them rehearsed those fundamental virtues that will increase the soul's worth, lend lustre to the life, and make each day a temple of happiness, peace and prosperity.

HONESTY THE FOUNDATION OF CHARACTER

In the words "to be honest," Stevenson, with deft precision, exhibits truth-thinking and truth-speaking as foundations that lend strength to character, and also crown the temple with perfect beauty. In an age when untruth seems organized into trade, accuracy and precision of statement, openness and transparency of speech proclaim the speaker as one of Nature's true patricians; for habitual truth-speaking denotes superiority, while deceit is inferiority. Every form of subterfuge is a confession of weakness. Small men, feeling themselves unequal to coping with the emergency, buttress their position with lies; while a great man, conscious of his vast reserves, speaks the truth and abides by the consequences. In the realm of art the first test of supreme genius is that the great artist is truthful, with exactness copying Nature's facts; while the inferior artist makes up his facts, being too indolent to search out the truth. Not less is truth the test of supremacy in the realm of literature. Dawson was impressed by Tennyson's line,

" . . . a death-dumb, autumn-dripping gloom."

One foggy November morning, climbing the hilltop, the scholar found that November was dumb in the death chamber where leaves were dying, while in the hedgerow was the constant drip of the dew, like unavailing tears. And because the poet was accurate in the line, "a death-dumb, autumn-dripping gloom," Dawson knew why Tennyson destroyed an edition of his poems because it held an image that was inaccurate.

In morals, too, Doctor Johnson bestowed supreme praise upon his friend when he said: "He has no genius, but so true to his word is he that if he promised you an acorn and none grew in England that year, he would go to Denmark for it rather than break his word." Tourists abroad are annoyed by the necessity of reducing a guinea or sovereign to dollars and cents. But one annoyance is greater—to hear some citizen make a statement which must be discounted fifty per cent. for the exaggeration, or doubled because the speaker minimized the facts in his own interest.

TRUTH ALLOYED WITH FALSEHOOD

In the realm of metals, pure gold is so soft that it must be debased with alloys to be useful. From the number of lies that they tell many men seem to think that the truth is too precious to be used indiscriminately. Therefore they debase it with the spurious metal of deceit and utter it as pure gold.

By adulterating foods and selling them as pure, untruth becomes organized into the very structure of trade, and the youth that enters some shops and stores seems like one who has entered a college where lying is taught as a fine art. But the youth who makes overtures of affection to some young woman, giving out an exaggerated statement of his talents or his business prospects; the apprentice or clerk who passes himself off as an expert in realms where he is ignorant; the man who aspires to a position for which he has not fitted himself—all these have builded life, not upon solid rock, but upon bombshells and dynamite. For not malignant lies and malicious are most destructive. The pleasing lies that a man tells himself; the soft, velvety lies that friend tells friend; the benevolent lies of physicians; the alluring lies of lawyers; the partisan lies of politicians; the white lies of teachers; the thoughtless lies of parents; the ignorant lies of ecclesiastics—all these are fatal to manhood.

Happy the child that at its mother's knee is taught the sanctity of truth, and made to understand that neither gold nor position can bestow that enduring worth that comes from loving "truth in the inner parts," making man as true to facts as the needle to its pole. He who lays out his career upon truth-thinking and truth-speaking has made strong the foundations of manhood, and prepared the way for a permanent position. Above the grave of his hero Homer inscribed the words, "He was a brave man"; above his hero, Plato inscribed the words, "He was a wise man"; above his hero Alcibiades lifted the words, "He was a rich man." This is a motto for a man's tomb: "He was an honest man and true—faithful unto death."

THE LAWS OF KINDNESS AND SYMPATHY

To the law of honesty and truth the words "be kind" add the laws of sympathy and service. What light is to a candle, what wisdom is to a book, that sympathy is to the soul. Coarseness and unfeelingness are signs of inferiority. As life goes toward richness and volume it goes toward kindness and sympathy. Stones, being dead, do not feel. Trees feel a little, the jelly-fish a little more; the bird and beast feel more still. Man, the lord of creation, is the palpitating centre of sensitiveness, while Christ, above man as the star is above the hills on which it sheds its light, is the all-sympathizing, all-suffering One. If formerly, therefore, the hero was a Hercules or an Agamemnon, a coarse and unfeeling giant, now the hero has inflected his gianthood toward gentleness, delicacy and fineness of fibre, so that his white skin "feels the fall of a rose leaf, yet subdues its feeling in the glow of battle, and behaves itself like iron."

In the physical realm the bone of the ox is large, and the bone of the deer small; yet because the one is loosely organized and the tiny limbs of the other closely compacted, the leg of the ox sustains a much less proportionate weight than that of the deer. With the fawn's fineness of fibre comes delicacy of sensation and sympathy to danger; and in the moral realm also, as the soul rises in the scale of manhood it becomes exquisitely fine in its spiritual perceptions, delicate in its distinctions of right and wrong, sensitive in its sympathy. Once the true Christian man stands forth fully revealed, his heart is seen to be all aglow with kindness and sympathy.

Beholding the lily, sympathy breathes a prayer that no untimely frost may blight these blossoms; beholding the sparrow, sympathy fills a box with seeds for the birds whose fall their "Heavenly Father knoweth"; beholding some youth going forth to make his fortune, sympathy prays that favorable winds may fill these sails and waft the boy to fame and good fortune. Do the happy youth and maiden stand before the marriage altar, the Christian breathes a prayer that love's flowers may never fall, and that these "who now are young may grow old together," in fulfillment of the sage's wish. One heart kind and Christian after Christ's pattern; one life radiating sympathy and exhaling benefactions, can civilize an entire community, just as one orange tree can perfume a neighborhood.

EARNING A LITTLE AND SPENDING LESS

The injunction "to earn a little and spend less" emphasizes the law of self-support, and warns us against the danger and possible degradation of debt. Needing many cautions, our age needs none more than this plea for a return to simplicity, and obedience to "Poor Richard's" principle, "Pay as you go." Unhappily, some of earth's most gifted sons have been royal spendthrifts, and through debt have gone down in hopeless ruin. History holds no scene more pathetic than brave old Walter Scott, in the hour when Lockhart wheeled him into his summer-house and saw that the hero was dying of overwork through debt. "Suddenly," said his biographer, "the broken-hearted author threw off his wraps, moaning, 'This will never do, I must get to my work.' But when he tried he could not hold the pen or dictate a word, but sat still, with the tears running down his fine old face, beaten in the brave battle and slain by debt."

The sword and spear have slain their thousands, but debt hath slain its ten thousands. Poor, but desiring to be a patron of the fine arts; unable to deny his taste for rare books and paintings and beautiful drawings, the youth buys them upon time, under the delusion that his treasures will be wings to lift him forward, not knowing that his debt will be a chain about his neck—a chain to which every month compound interest adds a new link. The peril of our age is extravagance. Should we call the roll of a score of the most gifted children of this generation, we should find that eight of the twenty, including a great orator, a novelist, two jurists, a wit, two statesmen, were all caught in debt's meshes.

These sons of genius fell on death like birds caught in a thicket, that tear off their bright plumage in the struggle to escape the thorns, only to fall, beating bloody wings against the ground. In urging others to "earn a little and spend less" Stevenson first did what he taught. Oft he rallied his friends about their desire to possess a little gallery of fine drawings, urging that these possessions were only so much more luggage to carry on the march, to strain the arms and bend the back. Doubtless it is the duty of some Tennyson to be a great poet, and the duty of some Gladstone to be an eloquent orator; and it is also the duty of some merchants to be rich. But for the most part, wisdom bids us to be content with "earning a little and spending less," counting it good fortune that we are not born with "a mania for buying everything in sight."

Midway between poverty and riches is a genial clime, named contentment with a little. Earth's most famous sons, like Dante and Milton, have dwelt in this temperate clime. Carlyle, too, and Wordsworth, and Emerson have "earned a little and spent less." The heroes and reformers, also, in avoiding the arctic zone of poverty, have also avoided the tropic zone of riches. The most famous spot in Westminster Abbey, it has been said, commemorates "the glorious company of paupers." The history of our great men, from the Pilgrim Fathers to Grant and Lincoln, does but emphasize this injunction of a scholar bidding us "to be content with earning a little and spending less."

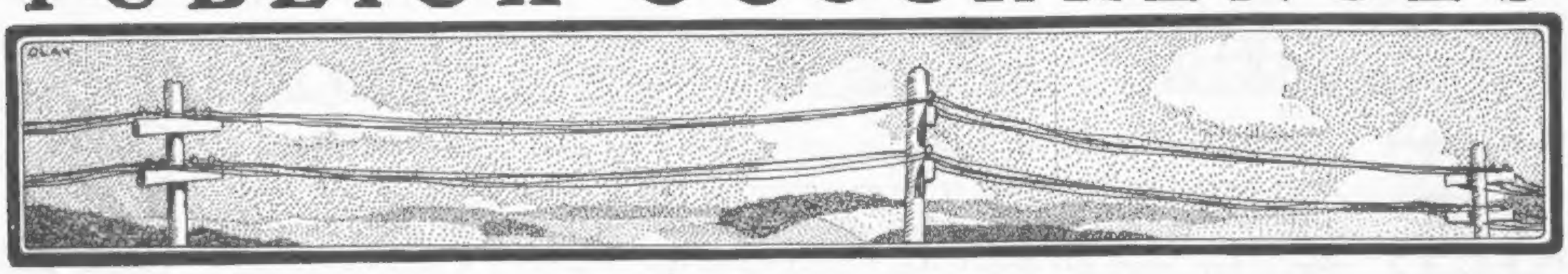
RENUNCIATION WITHOUT BITTERNESS

The law of self-sacrifice appears in the words, "to renounce and not to be embittered." Grim task this, and difficult. To fail, and not be cynical; to give kindness and receive ingratitude, and not be skeptical; to sow good seed, and see another reap the sheaves without shouting; to pour one's very life-blood about the roots of some reform or philanthropy, and see another step in and take the honors; decreasing into obscurity while one's successor leaps into prominence—this it is to renounce and not be embittered. But this is the Christ's challenge: "Fling away life to keep it." John Howard renounces his patrician position in favor of the poor and weak; Fra Angelico renounces wealth, ease and luxury by fastings, wasting himself to a shadow, kneeling as he paints; the heroes and reformers and martyrs renounced lands, houses, homes, were exiled into the mountains, died to the dirge of the forest winds, had no funeral robes but the forest leaves—these all renounced, but were not embittered. Losing life that they might save it, and so received their Master's divine approval.

But know all ye who aspire to the higher life that these six laws of culture and character, the law of honesty and kindness, the laws of sympathy and self-sacrifice, the law of love toward home, self, friend and God—all these are broken arcs that are united in the perfect pattern of Jesus Christ. Long have we admired earth's greatest thinkers. Oft have we received inspiration from poets, philosophers and essayists. Perfect, indeed, was the finish of that priceless Cremona violin, yet the instrument is silent and dumb until the master spirit comes to touch the strings and fill the air with melodious vibrations that ravish the mind and heart with their honeyed sweetness. Once, passing over the hills of Bethlehem, the Master was a genial, sacred presence, and now, when His sacred touch falls upon the soul, all the secret melodies of the heart break forth. What unity He brings into life, and therefore what beauty!

Of old, a young apprentice picked up the chips of glass dropped by the master who was completing an oriel window for the cathedral. Bringing those chips together so as to repeat the face of a lustrous angel that had appeared to him in a vision of the night, the boy constructs from the fragments one of the priceless gems of art. And if thy duties seem humble, thy hours fragments, thy tasks broken and obscure, behold, the Christ is a pattern who can transform these fragments into a dream of spiritual beauty. All inspirations toward knowledge, all stimulants toward supremacy of mind have their supreme excellence in that divine One, who is higher than earth's noblest spirits, wiser than earth's most gifted teachers, purer than earth's whitest martyrs.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"



A Billion-Dollar Year

The statistics of our foreign commerce are gathered by the collectors of customs at the one hundred and fifty ports of the country and forwarded to the Bureau of Statistics at Washington for tabulation. These data include such an enormous mass of figures and require such detailed tabulation that it is, of course, impossible to obtain the statistics in their final form within six weeks of the close of the fiscal year. It is practicable, however, to consider in outline the business of the year which closed June 30.

Each collector is required, the moment he obtains the total imports and exports of his port, omitting details, to mail or telegraph his statement of totals to the Bureau of Statistics. Through this process total figures for the twelve months are now available. They show that the exports of the year have been the largest in our history, with the single exception of 1898, in which year conditions were unusual by reason of the fact that the whole world, except the United States, was short of breadstuffs, and our own supply was at the same time unusually large.

In 1899 the world's supply of breadstuffs was normal, and as a consequence the demands upon the United States and the prices paid were much below those of the phenomenal year of 1898. The fact that we have, in the fiscal year 1899, in which the average export price of wheat was but 74.77 cents per bushel, against an average of 98.3 cents in the preceding year, kept our exports up to within $4,000,000 of those of last year makes the year a more remarkable one in the history of our export trade than even the one which preceded it.

O. P. AUSTIN
CHIEF OF THE BUREAU OF STATISTICS
UNITED STATES TREASURY DEPARTMENT

The total exports of the year were $1,227,443,425, against $1,231,482,330 last year, the loss therefore being but $4,038,905. Only two years, besides 1898, show exports of as much as a billion dollars. We first crossed the billion-dollar line in the phenomenal year 1892, when our exports were $1,030,278,148, and again in 1897, when they were $1,050,993,556.

An especially gratifying feature in the export trade of 1899 is the tribute which it pays to American industry. That the exports of 1898, with the abnormal foreign demand for breadstuffs and the consequent high prices, combined with an unusually large production at home, should have given the highest record to our export trade was not surprising, but that with only a normal foreign demand and prices we should have continued above the billion-and-a-quarter line shows that other industries than agriculture have been contributing materially to the large export figures of the year.

The exportation of manufactures during the year 1899 will probably exceed by $45,000,000 that of 1898, which was larger than that of any preceding year. The total exportation of manufactures during the year just ended will be more than double that of 1893, and fifty per cent. larger than that of 1896.

An especially interesting feature of this growth in our export of manufactures is the fact that the increase is very largely of articles in the value of which labor forms a large percentage. Manufactures of iron and steel, for instance, show an increase of $21,000,000 in the eleven months, the complete records of which are now at hand, this being an increase of thirty-three per cent. over the corresponding months of last year. In such high-grade articles as steam engines, steel rails and builders' hardware the growth is especially marked.

The imports of the year naturally show a considerable increase, being $697,077,388, against $616,049,654 of last year. That there should be an increase in imports is not surprising; indeed, the surprise is that the increase is not greater. The excessive importations of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1897, which immediately preceded the enactment of the Dingley Law, brought into the country such enormous stocks of sugar, wool, and many other articles that were thought likely to be affected by the tariff, that the imports of the year 1898 were abnormally low, being, in fact, less than those of any year since 1879, with a single exception. In sugar alone there is an increase of $32,000,000 in the first eleven months of the fiscal year 1899 over the same months of 1898.

In addition to this, the demand of our manufacturers for material of foreign production which they must use in their industries, such as crude rubber, fibres, raw silk, chemicals, hides and tin, has largely increased the imports in these lines over those of last year.

In crude rubber the imports of the year are, in round terms, $6,000,000 in excess of those of last year; in unmanufactured fibres, such as sisal grass, hemp, flax, jute, etc., the increase is nearly $8,000,000; in hides, over $4,000,000; and in bar tin, for the use of tinplate manufacturers, $3,000,000; in chemicals, undressed furs, silk, and cabinet woods there is also an increase. This statement, it should be understood, relates to the eleven months whose figures are already completed and compared with the corresponding months of the preceding fiscal year.

Altogether, the year's record of our foreign commerce is extremely gratifying. The total of imports and exports combined is the largest in our history. The exports are but $4,000,000 below the record made under peculiar conditions last year, and far above those of any earlier year; the imports are less than in any year since 1887, with the exceptions of 1894 and 1898, when exceptional conditions caused abnormally low importations.

The growth of our foreign trade is shown in the following figures, which give the total exports of the past quarter of a century: 1873, $522,479,922; 1874, $586,283,040; 1875, $513,442,711; 1876, $540,384,671; 1877, $602,475,220; 1878, $694,865,766; 1879, $710,439,441; 1880, $835,638,658; 1881, $902,377,346; 1882, $750,542,257; 1883, $823,839,402; 1884, $740,513,609; 1885, $742,189,755; 1886, $679,524,830; 1887, $716,183,211; 1888, $695,954,507; 1889, $742,401,375; 1890, $857,828,684; 1891, $884,480,810; 1892, $1,030,278,148; 1893, $847,665,194; 1894, $892,140,572; 1895, $807,538,165; 1896, $882,606,938; 1897, $1,050,993,556; 1898, $1,231,482,330.

O. P. Austin

The Sixth Cabinet Change in the Administration of McKinley

On the 19th of July, Russell A. Alger, Secretary of War, offered his resignation to the President. In spite of the almost universal demand of the press of the country that he retire, the action came sooner than was expected, as it was thought he would wait until he submitted his annual report, toward the end of the year. Almost without exception the sentiment of the country favored his withdrawal. The resignation took effect August 1.

The new Secretary is Elihu Root, of New York. Mr. Root was born in Oneida County in 1845. Young Root worked his way through school and studied law in the University Law School, New York. He took his position rapidly as an able and brilliant lawyer. President Arthur made him United States Attorney for the southern district of New York. He was counsel for Tweed, and he was the leading lawyer in many important litigations. He is a man of fine health, clear brain and great working capacity, and the idea of placing him at the head of the department, aside from the politics involved, is to have a lawyer who will be able to handle the many questions arising from our new entanglements.

Since President McKinley's Administration began, on the 4th of March, 1897, there have been many changes. Mr. Sherman, Secretary of State, retired, and his successor was Judge Day, of Ohio, who in turn resigned and was succeeded by John Hay. Attorney-General McKenna accepted a position on the Supreme Court Bench of the United States, and the Cabinet portfolio was filled by the appointment of Mr. Griggs, of New Jersey. James A. Gary, Postmaster-General, resigned on account of his health, and Charles Emory Smith was appointed to the place. Then Secretary Bliss retired, and Ethan A. Hitchcock, who was Ambassador to Russia, became Secretary of the Interior. Now Mr. Root has succeeded Secretary Alger. In the number of its Cabinet changes the Administration is unique.

Japan's Modern Place in the Great Family of Nations

A new era for Japan and for Oriental diplomacy began on the 17th of July, when the new treaties between Japan and the United States, and Japan and South American countries, went into effect. Under the old treaties, aliens in Japan were amenable to the laws and jurisdiction of the Consuls of their own countries, and foreign residents were confined to certain open ports outside of which they could not reside, own property, or engage in trade. These foreign residents were also free from taxation, and altogether there were many complications.

The effect of the new treaty is to put Japan on the same plane as the other nations of the world, and to make foreigners amenable to Japanese laws, and to open the whole country to trade. To think that a half-century ago Japan was leading a hermit life, and that she was practically forced to trade with the world, is to recall one of the most wonderful awakenings in history, for there can be no doubt as to the intelligence, capacity and position of the Japanese people, or as to their progress in industry, commerce and education. Japan is now recognized as one of the Powers of the earth. Her new life shows progress in all directions.

Asking a City to Buy Back the Millions it Gave Away Freely

Just how much a city can lose by the giving away of its franchises is seen in a recent experience in Detroit. It was proposed that the city buy out the street railways, and the price named was $17,000,000. It was generally conceded that the property could be duplicated for about $3,000,000, or, at the outside, $4,000,000. The great value was in the franchises that had been presented to the corporations, which offered to sell them to the municipality. The agitation was meant to lead to a trial of municipal ownership, but instead of doing that it served as an object lesson by teaching the citizens how they ought to value the rights and possibilities of their own property.

Even a Defeat Sometimes a Good Thing for a Nation

Since Spain lost her colonies in an experience which showed that she was sadly deficient in modern methods, she has begun a new life, and the reports are that not for years have her industries exhibited the activity that they are showing to-day. It was a hard and costly lesson for her people, but from all accounts they have taken it severely to heart, and have begun to catch up.

A more interesting instance is that of China. After she discovered that a firecracker war did not belong to the nineteenth century, and had paid many millions to Japan for her ignorance and blindness, she opened her eyes to the needs of the hour, and thus we read almost every day of some great change in the vast Empire.

That the Chinese Wall was to be torn down was, of course, an amusing fiction, but in a figurative sense the wall is being torn down, and commerce and capital are being welcomed to parts of the country which have hitherto been closed to civilization. New railroads are being projected, telegraph lines are being built, cotton mills are increasing, and modern industry is preparing many vast enterprises. The Chinese Government is buying armor-clads, and cruisers, and field guns. It may yet be that the jellyfish of nations will get rid of its inertness and join in the swim of progress.

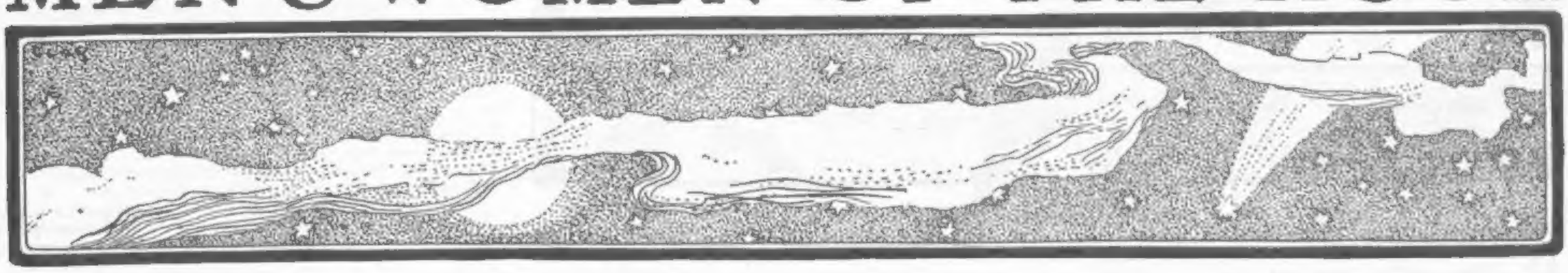
Hyphenated Citizens Not in Much Favor Anywhere

When Captain Coghlan arrived from Manila and made his famous speeches in New York, he added a great deal to the gayety of the nations, and many are still smiling at the mysterious disappearance of the rebuke which the Government was to have delivered for his great offense. He has a faculty for saying bright truths so bluntly that the people simply have to admire him for it.

When he went West, banquets were tendered him everywhere, and he made speeches which, even under the suppression of the New York experience, were vivid and vital. One, especially, struck the country and led to thousands of columns of comment. This was when he said that he did not believe in the hyphenated citizen; that a man was a plain American or nothing, and that there could be no half-way business about American citizenship.

The striking thing about the comments on this is that the most enthusiastic approbation has come from our better citizens of foreign birth. An instance of it was found in the address which Honorable Simon Wolfe delivered before the Jewish Congress a few weeks ago, in which he said: "At no time let us be found congregated or aggregated as Jews-Americans, German-Americans or Irish-Americans, for that destroys the very purpose for which this country exists—unity, and what is still more necessary, the higher development of American patriotism." This sentiment was received by a large audience with great favor.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR



Secretary Holls' Ready Wit

The Peace Conference at The Hague may have been a political failure, but it has been an arena in which the American delegates have won many laurels. The least-known member of the body is the one who has attracted the largest amount of the world's attention. This is the Secretary, Frederick W. Holls, a member of the New York bar. He is admirably qualified for the post. His father, a German by birth, is an eminent Lutheran clergyman, and the son speaks both German and English. His selection as Secretary was warmly advocated by Commissioner Seth Low, who had before this recognized Mr. Holls' fitness for the office.

His plan of international mediation and arbitration was marked by simplicity, efficiency and equity. The phraseology was so excellent as to receive the praise of the great European jurists who were opposed to his ideas. Digests of his plan were published, with full credit, by every European nation.

Of Mr. Holls' career as a lawyer many stories are told, of which the following is one:

On one occasion in the court-room Mr. Holls was interrupted with the question:

"Suppose there was three defendants——"

"That, my dear sir," retorted Holls, "is a question of grammar and not of law."

Miss Wheeler as Chaplain

Annie L. Wheeler, the daughter of General "Fighting Joe" Wheeler, was the heroine of a chapter of the history of the late war which heretofore has been unrecorded. While her father was at the front she became a nurse and did heroic work. At length she broke down from overwork and exposure, and was ordered home on a transport. The ship also brought back several hundred sick soldiers. As soon as Miss Wheeler's health would permit, she resumed her work as nurse among her fellow-passengers, and she so endeared herself to them that when several dying men were told that they were mortally ill, they begged that the General's daughter should read the burial service over their bodies.

Colonel Picquart's Charmed Life

The cable news of the reinstatement of Colonel Georges Picquart makes that distinguished soldier an object of great interest. Before the infamous prosecution of Dreyfus he had been recognized as one of the ablest military officials in France. His persecution and suffering at the hands of the Anti-Dreyfusites have but served to demonstrate him to be a hero of the noblest type. Many of the tales told respecting the conspiracy which tried to add him to its list of victims are now becoming public.

When Picquart started the movement tending toward a retrial of the Dreyfus case the general staff was filled with alarm. They saw only one way out of the difficulty, and that was to get rid of the fearless and truth-loving officer. He was removed from his office in November, 1896, and sent away upon an important mission, the inspection of the frontier regiments in the West of France. He was hampered with orders which required him to give all his time and thought to his work. The moment he performed the task he was sent to the southern and southeastern frontier. Thence he was rushed on during the unhealthy season to Algiers, Tunis and Tripoli, and was required to devote most of his time to those places where Europeans die from the climate and local diseases. His iron constitution carried him through the ordeal unharmed.

GEORGES PICQUART

The conspirators then sent him into the interior of Africa among the blood-thirsty Touaregs, a tribe or nation of savage and fanatical free-booters who esteem it a privilege to kill a Christian. Here occurred one of the blackest incidents in the history of the conspiracy. Instead of receiving the usual escort, his accompanying detachment was cut down to one-half the regular number, and it is said inducements were offered the Touaregs to attack him. One native warrior, who was mortally wounded in the conflict, fired twice at Picquart. The first bullet struck the Colonel's sword, knocking it from his hand. When he fired again the ball mortally wounded a French soldier about six feet from the Colonel.

The Touaregs were routed with slaughter, and among the captives was this man. He declared that Picquart wore a charm or else was in league with the devil, for he had fired twice at him, and had never before missed his mark.

When one considers all that this intrepid young Colonel has risked in his effort to see justice done in the Dreyfus matter, one is forced to admit that, in the list of nineteenth-century heroes, the name of Colonel Georges Picquart deserves a place near the head.

The Terror of Train Robbers

Missouri will ever feel grateful to Thomas T. Crittenden for his part in practically ridding that State of its once notable nest of train robbers. Since the scattering of the notorious James gang through the efforts of Governor Crittenden there has been little of this form of crime in the State of the "Big Muddy." Governor Crittenden, after having served his country as Consul-General in Mexico, has settled down to the practice of law.

The ex-Governor is said to be one of the handsomest men in Missouri. Years ago his name and picture found much publicity because, when he was dared, at the Southern Hotel in St. Louis, to kiss Madame Patti, he refused to "take the dare."

It is a singular fact that young Jesse James has always had a warm friend in the Crittendens, although the Crittenden Administration brought the elder Jesse James to his death.

A Playwright as an Umpire

It is not many years ago that Madeleine Lucette Ryley, the popular playwright, was a clever actress in a road company playing at Boston. One day the men of the company had a baseball match with a newspaper nine of the Boston press. The actors chose one umpire, and the reporters with commendable gallantry selected Mrs. Ryley as the other.

MADELEINE RYLEY

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Her title was "umpire by courtesy." She appeared upon the field charmingly dressed, and violated all precedent, first by refusing to wear the wire mask which protects the face, and second by insisting upon sitting on the grandstand in the shade while performing her official duties. It is said that her umpiring was the most extraordinary ever witnessed. She judged players "out," and then added, "If he isn't, he ought to be," and created amusement by declaring that "the players should not work so hard, on account of the danger from sunstroke."

To make things even, she allowed both sides to make similar scores.

Mrs. Ryley is an Englishwoman by birth, and has probably a wider knowledge of the modern stage than most of her fellow-dramatists. She has played herself, and studied playing, in Great Britain, Belgium, France, Holland and Germany, as well as the United States, and has seen nearly every great actor in those countries.

Mrs. Ryley is not only an actress, but a singer as well, and used to appear in Gilbert and Sullivan's operas with her husband when those works were first brought out in this country. In business she is as keen as most men, and her plays have brought her liberal returns. She lives in a handsome house which she built in New Rochelle, near Francis Wilson's, in what is probably the most aristocratic actors' colony in this country.

Housecleaning in Cuba

President McKinley the other day appointed Captain H. H. Sargent, U. S. A., to a Lieutenant-Colonelcy in one of the newly authorized Philippine regiments. This brings into prominence a brave American soldier who has won high distinction with his two volumes upon Napoleon Bonaparte's military career.

More than two years ago Lord Wolseley pronounced Captain Sargent to be one of the great military thinkers of the present age, and his career since then has borne out the British Marshal's complimentary opinion. Captain Sargent has been very busy for nearly a year in looking after the sanitary interests of Eastern Cuba, where he has been the Military Governor of Guantanamo. And he has had many experiences, quaint and comical, illustrating the differences between Spanish-American and Anglo-Saxon civilization. Once he inspected the yard of a large and handsome house where he found a huge pile of malodorous decaying matter. The owner of the property, a courtly hidalgo, was standing near by, and the Captain directed him to have the nuisance removed immediately and the place disinfected.

THOMAS T. CRITTENDEN

The hidalgo, astonished, asked: "Cui bono, Your Excellency?"

Sargent politely said: "That heap is a menace to health; it should have been taken away long ago."

The owner bowed with dignity. "Of course, Your Excellency, but it would have deprived my dogs of their favorite resting-place."

Carleton and His Dog

Henry Guy Carleton, the eminent play-writer, stammers badly, but this does not prevent him from holding his own in any controversy. When he was living near Madison Square, New York, he used to pass daily the New York Club, of which he is a member. One day one of the young and frivolous members said to him:

"I saw you this morning, Carleton, carrying your poodle through the Square. Good exercise, isn't it? But I'd rather let somebody else do it for me."

"Und—doubtedly," replied Carleton grimly, even if haltingly. "When any one sees m—me carrying m—my d—d—dog, they say, 'There g—g—goes Henry G—Guy Carleton with his d—dog.' But if they should see y—you they'd ask, 'W—w—who's that in—infernal i—idiot c—c—carrying a p—p—poodle?'"

Sometimes Carleton stammers worse than other times, and his hearers try to supply the word that sticks, but it is always resented. When he was editor of Life he began to tell Mr. Mitchell a story. He got as far as this:

"One d—d—day while I was w—w—w—w—alk—k——"

"Walking," interposed Mr. Mitchell helpfully.

"One d—d—day," began Mr. Carleton anew, "while I was p—p—promen—n—n—nad—d—ding," which was even harder to pronounce.

Mr. Mitchell never repeated the experiment.

TOLD MORE BRIEFLY

As Others See Him.—Governor Theodore Roosevelt has a very peculiar, precise and staccato delivery when speaking in public, which is well imitated by one of his friends. One evening the Governor happened to overhear the imitation. He laughed heartily and then asked:

"Do I speak as badly as that?"

"Pretty nearly," was the consoling reply.

"Then," returned the Governor, "I must be one of the funniest men on the stump."

Utilitarian Art.—At a reception last spring a pompous literary man said to Charles G. D. Roberts, the poet, who had a dinner given to him by the London Authors' Club recently: "I live upon manuscript. My house is a book, and my evening suit is an essay I wrote for the Blank Monthly. As for my last poem, it is a——" Here he paused for a word, which Professor Roberts quickly supplied: "A cigarette, I suppose."

Miss Leiter's Elephantine Charger.—It will amuse as well as interest Miss Daisy Leiter's many friends in Chicago, Washington and New York, who remember that beautiful young woman's superb equestrianism, to know that during her sojourn in India she acquired a fancy for elephant riding. In a recent letter to friends it is told that she had a pet elephant which she hoped soon to manage as well as any professional mahout. The writer does not say whether she intends to bring her huge steed back to America with her.

Captain Kelley's Warlike Tone.—Captain J. D. J. Kelley, of the United States Navy, tells a story at his own expense. During the war with Spain he held the responsible position of recommending boats for the Government to buy for naval purposes. On one occasion he was visited by a quaint old customer who had a number of craft he desired to sell. One by one the Captain sharply refused them, and explained in each case that, while they might be good craft, they were worthless for war purposes. When he had rejected the last of the list the broker looked at him quizzically for a moment and then said:

"If you went on one of them ere ships to Cuba, and talked as you do to me, you'd scare every Spaniard out of the country in no time."

Close-Range Studies of Contemporaries

The QUEEN'S FOOL

By M.E.M. DAVIS.

Chapter I

KENNETH MAYBIN, somewhere about the middle of the long line, found himself suddenly drawn, dancing, into a high, arched doorway, and along a lamp-lit corridor with raftered ceiling, stone pavements and stuccoed walls.

To the stranger, fresh from his prosaic matter-of-fact existence in a distant State, the experience was bewildering. Hurried out of the hotel dining-room half an hour earlier by his old college-chum, Gaston Lorio, he had been plunged without a moment's warning into a new and strange world.

"Yes," Gaston had remarked, steering him rapidly along the narrow street under the shadow of overhanging galleries, "this is indeed that old quarter of New Orleans about which you others are so curious. Myself, I prefer Paris. Or even New York!" he added gayly. "But you may not stop to sniff the must and mould of it now, Kenneth. Come on, old man. They are waiting for us."

"They! Who?" demanded Kenneth, pausing to stare up at the twin towers of the Cathedral outlined against a tender sky.

As he spoke, the expectant group, numbering some twenty-five or thirty young people of both sexes, stationed in the slitlike alley of St. Antoine, opened with a noisy welcome, and closed around the newcomers. Maybin's half-comprehending ears drank in eagerly the soft babble of foreign speech which assailed his guide, while he bowed right and left in response to rapid introductions. A moment later, marshalled by Lorio himself, they were sweeping down Royal Street.

"What is it, may I ask, Mademoiselle? Where are we going?" He put the question awkwardly, trying to frame the French syllables with grammatical exactness.

"My brother, Gaston, then, has not informed you?" smiled his companion. "It is the Epiphany—Twelfth Night, you know. And we go to cut a King's cake at my cousin, Miss Le Breton's." The slight twist of her Creole tongue added a piquant flavor to her English.

"Oh!" Kenneth breathed more freely, his Ollendorf slipping, like Christian's burden, from his shoulders, as they sped on in the wake of the others.

And so it was that at length a high, arched door had swung open, hand had caught hand, the human line had uncoiled its swaying length, a gay chorus had burst upon the night air, and Lorio was leading the breathless *farandole* along the flagged corridor, across the moonlit court, up a crooked stair, and into the vast salon above.

The stranger, having been passed ceremoniously around the circle of elders, was brought at length to the orphaned chatelaine of the house.

"Miss Le Breton, Mr. Maybin. Odette, this is my old friend, Kenneth Maybin. Make him welcome."

Kenneth's eyes were still dazzled by the sudden blaze of gaslight; his mind was confused by the variety of novel impressions crowded into it. But the mere sight of the young girl before him restored him with something like a physical shock to himself. She was so different, he naively decided, from all other women in the world!

A slender, dainty figure, robed all in purest white; gray eyes with long, dark lashes; dusky hair falling over her forehead and giving her, somehow, the innocent, startled look of the blooded colts in his father's pasture at home—this is as far as Kenneth ever got in a description of Odette Le Breton.

He guided her hand boldly when it came her turn to cut a slice from the great brown, shining, hollow ring of a King cake on the dining-table. "Here?" she questioned, with a sidelong glance at him from her luminous eyes.

"No, here," he replied, moving her white and supple wrist ever so slightly with his brown fingers. Truth to tell, his keen eyes had detected a suspicious bulge in the porous ring. His heart was beating painfully (he could not have told why) as she pressed the knife downward, catching her under lip between her white teeth and frowning portentously.

Sure enough, there was the bean! She held it in the rosy palm of her hand, letting her gaze travel slowly around the laughing circle which pressed about her. Kenneth did not understand the pretty game, but he trembled visibly, feeling that all his future depended upon some decision which a girl, barely known to him by name, was about to make.

"Come, little cousin, choose me!" shouted Gaston, darting around the table to joggle her elbow.

"Look at me, Odette. I am the man," laughed another tenth or twentieth cousin.

"*Non! Non! Moi! Moi!*"

"I! I!" A chorus of gay voices, young and old, caught up the cry with clapping of hands and stamping of feet.

Kenneth grew absolutely pale. His nostrils dilated; his blue eyes flashed a defiant look around and fixed themselves upon the flower-like face before him. "Choose me, Odette," he heard himself murmur with unconscious lips.

Odette flushed to the roots of her hair. She, too, glanced defiantly from one to another in the shrieking, teasing circle; then she took the trophy—a heart-shaped, wine-dark sea-bean—between a dainty thumb and forefinger and dropped it lightly in Kenneth's outstretched palm.

"I make you my King, Monsieur," she said with a sweeping curtsy.

When their boisterous subjects, breathless with mock compliment and circling dance, finally left them in peace, the newly made King followed his Queen—treading on air!—down the century-old stair and into the perfumed courtyard. They sat on a stone bench there listening, ostensibly to Chicot, Odette's mocking-bird, singing in his cage upon one of the rose-wreathed balconies.

"And I am really your King?" whispered Kenneth, longing yet not daring to take into his own the little white hand on her knee.

"But you pay for your royalty, Kenneth, my boy," cried Gaston, who had stolen upon them unperceived.

"The universe itself——" began Maybin fervently.

"Oh, the price is not so costly! You simply plan for your Queen, within the month, some little fête in return for your Royal honors——"

"But, I may keep the bean?" demanded Kenneth, turning to his white-robed companion.

She nodded assent, blushing again under his direct gaze.

"I shall keep my Queen also!" he prophesied exultantly under his breath. This, indeed, seemed likely enough. His wooing, so boldly begun, proceeded thenceforward with a dash and a persistency which took his own breath away whenever he paused to think of it. The month sped like a lightning flash.

"He has the ardor of his twenty-two years, this young American," commented one of the gray-bearded uncles to Grande Cousine, the stately maiden lady who presided over Le Breton mansion. And he sighed, a little enviously.

"She has the heart of her eighteen summers," responded Grande Cousine with a soft, fluttering suspiration.

Twenty-two and Eighteen were at that moment pacing the prim walks of the court below in the falling dusk.

The supreme hour had struck. They were discussing the final arrangements for the little return fête which, the same evening, was—nominally—to end the King's brief reign.

"But I shall keep the bean, you know," he said.

"Yes." She returned, faintly, the significant pressure of his hand. Both knew in their hearts that he would also keep his Queen.

Alas! the Cup and the Lip!

Chicot, facetiously known as the Queen's Fool, was singing in his cage on the rose-wreathed balcony. His song, rapturously exultant, might have been an epithalamium. It was a knell!

"I wish—" said Kenneth, pausing abruptly—"I wish Chicot would stop his noise! I cannot hear myself talk."

"But, Kenneth," murmured Odette, tenderly reproachful, "Chicot is *my* bird!"

"I do not care," returned Kenneth, half in fun, yet half nettled, too; "I would like to tie his head up in a towel, or choke him with one of your guitar strings!"

"Mr. Maybin! How you ought to be ashamed!" gasped Chicot's mistress, releasing her hand from her lover's clasp and moving away from him.

Needless to set down the extravagant steps by which the foolish quarrel climbed to its explosive conclusion.

"Do you mean to tell me, Mademoiselle," demanded Kenneth at length, pale with unaccustomed wrath, "that you *prefer* your fool of a Chicot to me?"

"I certainly do, Mr. Kenneth Maybin," retorted Odette; "and I regard you," she added deliberately, "as no better—than—an—assassin!"

"Then, Miss Odette Le Breton, let me say good-by—forever!"

His flying footsteps sounded along the tunnel-like corridor. The next moment the street door opened, and closed with a reverberating bang.

"*Mon cher Chicot. Trésor de mon coeur,*" murmured Odette, lifting a pallid face toward the hidden cage and pressing a white hand against her slender throat.

"It is I who am the Queen's Fool," laughed Kenneth bitterly, as he sped northward in the railway train at the very hour set for the Queen's fête.

Chapter II

FIVE years later Kenneth Maybin strolled once more down the quaint street by which he had first entered the French Quarter. This time it was in broad daylight, and this time, by reason of many journeyings about the world and much prying into strange places, his interest in the dim corridors with their glimpses of Edenlike gardens beyond, the mysterious jalousied galleries, and the many-colored peaked roofs, was somewhat abated.

A casual inquiry had put him in possession of the information that his sometime friend, Gaston Lorio, had been living for a couple of years in his beloved Paris; and that the Le Breton family had suffered financially from the failure of a local bank. Concerning his sometime sweetheart he needed no information. A newspaper received within six months after that absurd parting in the dusky Le Breton courtyard had contained the announcement of Mademoiselle Le Breton's marriage to Monsieur Henri Dansereau; and the notice of the departure of Monsieur and Madame Henri Dansereau for their new home in France.

The wound inflicted by this announcement, he assured himself, had long since healed. Nevertheless, he felt a distinct pang when, passing the fine old Le Breton mansion, he saw swinging from the wrought-iron railing of the veranda a square cardboard bearing the legend:

"*Chambres garnies à louer*"
(Furnished Rooms to Rent)

He hurried on with one furtive glance down the familiar corridor—for the arched door stood wide open. The greenery in the court was dusty and forlorn; a slatternly looking woman with a pan of vegetables on her knee was sitting on the stone bench where he had sat that first night with Odette; the paths where he had walked that last night with his Queen were strewn with unsightly *débris*.

"What an idiotic youngster I was!" he muttered, smiling, yet strangely stirred. "Dear little Odette, I hope she is happy. And I sincerely trust that Monsieur Henri Dansereau has proper respect for Chicot."

He was in search of lodgings himself, having come South to study the ins and outs of a complex will case which had its roots in New Orleans. But he had no mind to lodge with the memory of a lost love—vague and shadowy though it had become; nor with some denuded, shabby genteel Le Breton—perhaps, he shuddered, Grande Cousine herself!

He found precisely the place he wanted: the top floor of a tall house in Royal Street, a stone's throw from the Cathedral and the ancient building beside it where the court records of a century and a half are stored. There was a small courtyard below, half filled with a mossy cistern and a ramshackle bench, and a pleasant outlook upon a mass of flowering geraniums in a dormer-window which jutted like a gray hood from the roof of a house just across the street. He took possession at once.

"I shall get on capitally here," he decided, looking over at the Cathedral towers and hearing vaguely the distant hum, like wind-stirred forest leaves, of children's voices in the convent school near by. "I shall look up data during the mornings and write my brief o' nights."

But he calculated without that unknown quantity which is said to lurk behind all human reckoning.

The same night he seated himself at a table, spread out before him the fair pages of legal cap, dipped his pen in the inkstand—and pushed his chair back with a frown of annoyance.

A mocking-bird somewhere in the neighborhood had begun to sing.

To others listening in holiday mood, for the time was hard upon Christmas, the song was a flood of melody tender, wooing, joyous, sad—a captive's song of the green wood, and of his unforgotten mate calling from her nest in the dew-scented magnolia tree; a passionate love-lilt, varied by

"I make you my King, Monsieur," she said with a sweeping curtsy

musical and mischievous imitations of a dog's bark, the thump of the policeman's staff on the banquette, the call of the milkman, the long-drawn cry of the praline woman.

To Maybin it was simply noise; brutal, insistent, outrageous. He had never liked mocking-birds since—but no matter!

He arose with an angry ejaculation and looked out of the window. The offender, as he had instantly divined, was swinging in a huge cage—Maybin could see the outlines of it plainly—in the dormer-window opposite. He slammed his own blinds ostentatiously and went to bed, work for that night being impossible.

Work at any time was out of the question, or so, at least, the irritated lawyer decided during the days which followed. The mocking-bird, first on the ground, was evidently there to stay—and to conquer. His exasperating performances began with unfailing regularity a little before nightfall each day, and continued throughout the livelong night, now enveloped in the effulgent glory of a waxing moon; while Maybin's hard-sought notes accumulated, the legal cap gathered dust, and dust only, on its pristine purity, and his always-impetuous temper steadily rose.

At length, after some four or five days of constant feeding, the temper reached a white heat. Move? Never! He liked his quarters, he had a most important brief to write, he needed at least ordinary quiet—that infernal bird should be hushed!

Rich, successful, imperious, Mr. Kenneth Maybin was unused to being balked in his desires. One morning he descended his stair, crossed the street, and rang at the enemy's front door. So far as he knew, the enemy was in

sole possession; he had never caught so much as a glimpse of any other inmate of the dormer-windowed room, or of the house itself.

His ring was answered by a fat old negress with a shrewd, good-humored face.

"How do you do, Auntie?" began Maybin with easy familiarity. "I wish to see the lady of the house." He handed her his visiting-card as he spoke.

"Yes, suh," she bobbed an old-time plantation "curchy." "U'm de lady of de house. Mis' July Ann Baxter, suh." She had the rich, unctuous voice of the plantation darky.

"Oh!" Maybin gasped for breath. "Then I suppose, Mrs.—eh—Baxter, that the bird on the top floor is yours?"

"No, suh. I keeps roomers. Dat mockin'-bird is de propitty o' one o' my roomers."

"Very well, Mrs. Baxter. Please present my compliments to the roomer—a lady? I thought so—and tell her that the bird's noise is extremely annoying to me. I shall be infinitely obliged if she will remove bird and cage to another part of the house."

Mrs. July Ann Baxter opened her lips to speak, but Maybin was already recrossing the street. She looked after him, shaking her head indignantly.

"Hmp!" she ejaculated, "dat's a mighty high-jinted pusson. Mek lak he de marster. But he ain't marsterin' July Ann Baxter. An' I ain't gwine ter tell her nothin'! Hmp!"

And so it befell that the mocking-bird sang on unmolested in his geranium bower, while his baffled foe ramped and roared in vain for a day or two longer; then the lawyer sent over to the invisible roomer a note couched in the politest language, but setting forth plainly the grievance of the writer. He watched the messenger hand this to Mrs. Baxter herself, and saw the portly form of that high-turbaned dame disappear, with stride majestic, down the corridor, as if conscious of the importance of her errand.

Absolute inaction on the part of the roomer, with increased volubility on the part of the bird.

A second note, frigid, stiff, peremptory, threatening. Result, the same; which is to say, no result at all.

Maybin by this time had worked himself into a frenzy which amounted almost to madness. A fellow-lawyer, listening to the recital of his wrongs, laughed:

"Have 'em arrested, man! Bring the whole kit and caboodle into court!"

The laugh was provoking; it proved to be the last straw, the surcharging feather, the turning hair. For the second time in his life Mr. Kenneth Maybin lost his head.

"Madam, you are charged here with violating an ordinance prohibiting the keeping of a mocking-bird," said Recorder Nolan a day or two later. He looked from the affidavit in his hand to the colored lady dressed in guinea-blue calico, with a white waist, apron, and a plaid chignon—Mrs. July Ann Baxter, in short, who sat on a bench in the crowded court-room, balancing a large bird cage on her knee. "What have you to plead to the charge?"

Mrs. Baxter stood up, resting the cage upon her hip; the mocking-bird within, thus haled to the bar of justice, maintained a discreet silence.

"'Fo' de Lawd, Jedge, I ain' guilty!" said Mrs. Baxter, visibly flustered. "I been raise' in Copiah County, Mis'ippi, mongs de quality; an' I 'clar' ter goodness I'll drap in my tracks ef I hatter go to jail! You ain' gwine ter sen' me ter jail, is you, Jedge? Dish yer mockin'-bird ain' my propitty, nohow. 'Sides, ef any biggaty, high-jinted, marsterin' pusson"—she cast a withering glance at Maybin—"doan' lak music, whyn't he change his bo'din'-house? Why, Jedge, honey," Mrs. Baxter's rich voice became tenderly persuasive, "dish yer mockin'-bird kin sing fitten ter lif' up yo' soul when you gits low in de vallew o' sorrer an' tribullatium."

"The bird is not yours?" interrupted Recorder Nolan.

"No, suh. Hit b'longs ter one o' my roomers. I rippresent her in dish yer case. I'm her garjeen. She ain' been able ter come ter co'te——"

"Why?" demanded the Judge gravely.

"Because, in de fust place, she's a ole pusson. An' she's lame in bofe her laigs; an' she's blin' in bofe her eyes. 'Sides, she's a lady bawn, dat's what she is, an' she ain' gwine ter be drug ter co'te by no common, low-down ly'ars—'scusin' o' you, Jedge, honey!"

The onlookers roared; Maybin himself joined in the laugh at his own expense. His fury was fast melting in the humor of the situation. He stepped forward to withdraw the charge; but the Judge waved him back and proceeded solemnly in the exposition of the ordinance. This, he declared, said nothing about mocking-birds, except as might or might not be constructively construed.

"Any noise," it read, "willfully made, or allowed to be willfully made; any unnatural, uncalled-for or unwarranted sound . . . that willfully disturbs the peace and quiet . . . or permits the disturbance of any person or persons in the peaceful enjoyment of their homes . . . may be punished, etc., etc."

"We have now to determine," continued the Judge, "whether the song of the bird here present constitutes a disturbance inimical to the peace and quiet of the neighborhood——"

The whites of Mrs. Baxter's eyes were alone visible; her teeth were chattering, her fat black cheeks had gone ashen.

"Fer de Lawd's sake, Jedge! Fer goodness sake, honey!" she moaned, showing symptoms of an immediate collapse.

"The lady is paroled. Take her away, Sergeant," concluded the Judge hastily.

"I ain' gwine ter be patteroled!" snorted Mrs. Baxter at the top of her voice.

But, being made to understand that she was free, she gathered up her guinea-blue skirts in one hand, and bearing the cage in the other, she sailed triumphantly out of the presence, followed by the admiring crowd.

As she reached the doorway the bird awoke from his assumed lethargy and forthwith proceeded to give an astounding exhibition of his powers. The mewing of cats, the crowing of cocks, the whistle of early newsboys, the popping of fire-crackers, the wheeze of hand-organs—all this poured from his throat in a rollicking medley that filled the musty court-room with breezy echoes. The delighted bystanders applauded the feathered performer to the echo.

"Do you mean to tell me, Mademoiselle," demanded Kenneth at length, pale with unaccustomed wrath, "that you prefer your fool of a Chicot to me?"

Maybin, sauntering homeward late that afternoon, became aware that something unusual was forward. People were jostling each other meaningly on the banquettes; ripples of laughter were running about, and snatches of song; the very gamins wore an air of mysterious importance. He stopped to look over the heads of a group of these into the show-window of a bakery.

To be sure! King cakes! Of all sizes. Hollow rings, big and little; brown, crusty, shining, sweet-savored!

"It is the Epiphany—Twelfth Night, you know," he quoted mechanically, continuing his walk.

His room was blissfully quiet. A glance across the street assured him that the obnoxious cage had disappeared. The flowers were also gone, and the dormer-window was shut. The panes of glass reflected the moonlight like spectacled eyes.

"Ha!" He breathed a sigh of satisfaction. He blew the accumulated dust off the legal cap, spread out his memoranda under the lighted lamp, and sat down, pen in hand. But to his astonishment he found himself utterly unable to begin the famous brief. He fidgeted in his chair, dipping his pen angrily in the ink and jabbing the paper with its point. The stillness was unnatural! He bent his head resolutely over the mass of notes piled symmetrically at his elbow. But his attention wandered. The silence was ghostly!

He got up and walked to the window.

"She's ole, an' she's lame in bofe her laigs, an' she's blin' in bofe her eyes"—the words rang accusingly in his ears. "Well! of all the brutes I have ever known, Kenneth Maybin, you are the vilest!" he summed himself up at length, with characteristic energy.

He made no further attempt at work, but stood staring at the denuded window-sill opposite until a sound in the street drew his attention. Looking down, he saw a line of figures moving along the dim-lit sidewalk; even as he looked, hand caught hand and the *farandole* danced its joyous way into an open corridor and disappeared.

Moved by a sudden impulse, he stepped to his traveling trunk, rummaged in the inner lining of a compartment, and drew forth from where he had thrust it nearly five years before a pocketbook containing a note or two, a crumpled rose, a faded hair ribbon, and—the bean!

It lay in the hollow of his hand, the shining, heart-shaped trophy, as if she had but that instant dropped it there. "I make you my King, Monsieur," he heard her murmur once more, his heart aching with the sweetness and the pain of that unforgotten past.

Fire! Fire! The sharp, insistent cry aroused him. He sprang to his feet, and the next moment he was rushing down the stair. Dense volumes of smoke were pouring from the windows of Mrs. Baxter's house.

The street was filled with people shouting, gesticulating, rushing about aimlessly and tumultuously. The fire-engines were just arriving upon the scene.

"Where is she?" he shouted, dashing through the crowd to where Mrs. Baxter stood, paralyzed on her own doorstep. "The lame lady? The blind lady? Where is she?"

"De lame—O Lawd A'mighty! de blin'——"

"Where is she, you idiot?" roared Maybin, shaking her arm savagely.

"Upsta'rs, Mister. Up de back sta'rs, young marster. Run, oh honey, fer de Lawd's sake, run!"

He was already groping his way up the crooked back stair, choked and half-blinded by the smoke. He darted distractedly from one room to another; all were empty. "I cannot find her," he thought despairingly. "She will perish. Old, lame and blind!"

At that moment a sound far above his head pierced the confusion. It was a bird-trill of almost supernatural sweetness; wooing, tender, dreamlike.

Guided by the sound, he leaped up another flight of steps and into a tiny gallery-room. He had barely time to fold its bewildered occupant in his arms, seize the bird-cage and stumble his way down the stair before mounting flames barred the exit.

Maybin carried the woman—and the cage—across the street into the small court of his own lodging-house. He placed both burdens on the bench and stepped back a little, blinking his smarting eyes.

The moonlight fell full upon her bare head and upturned face. She was thinner than she was wont to be; poverty and care had dug hollows under her luminous gray eyes; her mouth drooped like a grieved child's. But, oh, how beautiful she was! how different from all other women!

"Odette!" The involuntary cry was one of rapturous amazement. It was instantly followed by a formal greeting. "I trust you are quite unhurt, Madame—Dansereau?" He smiled with an effort, and held out his hand.

Odette had arisen to her feet. Her black gown showed pitifully worn and rusty in the moonlight.

"You, Kenneth!" she gasped; then, as his words and their meaning penetrated her dazed senses, she laughed gayly, spreading out her hands after her old manner. "But, me, I am not Madame Dansereau!" she cried. "It is Grande Cousine who is Madame Dansereau. She was also Odette Le Breton. Did you really think?—*oh, Kenneth!*"

Emotion of a kind which fairly choked his utterance kept him silent. He stood gazing at her, his breath coming and going convulsively, his hands trembling. She mistook his silence; and clasping her aching throat with one hand, she steadied herself with the other on Chicot's cage.

"Mr. Maybin," she said quietly, "I am grateful to you for your kindness. But for you, I think I must have died. I was so frightened; and I could not find Chicot in the dark. I could not leave Chicot. He is all I have now, you know. And the room was a strange one——"

He opened his lips striving to speak, but no sound came.

"I have only Chicot now!" she added

"I sew for my living," Odette went on, lifting her head proudly. "You have perhaps heard? My friends are very good to me. I am—very—happy." She was panting now, and her young voice broke suddenly. She sank back upon the bench and laid her arms about the bird-cage. "You see, I have Chicot still." She smiled up at him with the sidelong glance he remembered so well. Only, then her eyes were not dim with unshed tears! "I have only Chicot now!" she added, with a childish wail which unsealed Maybin's lips; a torrent of incoherent words leaped forth.

"Odette, forgive me! I was a brute, a foolish, unreasonable brute. But I loved you—my life, my soul! I love you. Forgive! Forgive!" he sobbed on his knees at her feet, kissing the hem of her rusty black gown.

"But I will not have you blame yourself," she interrupted passionately. "It was I who was foolish, unreasonable, wicked. But I loved you! I love you! Forgive! Forgive!"

She stooped to his embrace.

Outside the tumult continued, the labored puff of the fire-engines dominating the clamor of voices. Within the small court, pressed down and running over with divine moonlight, there was a moment of exquisite silence. Then, the Queen's Fool stirred on his perch, peered out with curious eyes, and burst into an ecstasy of song.

It was the prelude to an epithalamium.

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Mr. Carnegie's Opportunity

PLAYING Providence is a risky business, and it is hard to help a man without hurting him. The recent suggestions how Mr. Carnegie should spend his fortune to the best advantage show little foresight or knowledge of the many philanthropic failures on record.

Stand in any crowded thoroughfare and ask the thousands of passers-by what they most desire, and the majority will answer: health, opportunity for work, recreation, and a chance to own a home.

Health is the average man's capital. Sickness is a prime source of want. The deaths from preventable disease represent a yearly loss of millions of dollars. The many applicants rejected for physical causes by insurance companies and for positions in the Army and Navy show the low average standard of health. Our experience in camps and in the field during the late war indicates the popular ignorance of hygiene. The facts recently published in relation to food adulteration and the prevalence of consumption, together with the disgraceful condition of the slums of most great cities, demonstrate the need of sanitary enlightenment. Mr. Carnegie could perform no greater service than to expend some of his fortune in this direction.

The saddest feature of a great city is the lack of playgrounds for both rich and poor. A leading clergyman said that if he had a fortune to spend he would first strengthen the church in every possible way, and then build a vast recreation hall. The head worker of a University Settlement lately remarked that wholesome amusement is the crying need of the masses.

Making two blades of grass grow in place of one is a public service. So also the man who creates new occupations is a true philanthropist. Twenty years ago the electric industry gave employment to 1500 hands. Now a million persons are directly or indirectly interested in the business. Who can estimate the benefits which have accrued from its development?

Doctor Franklin left a fund to be loaned in small sums to worthy young men just starting in business. To-day, I fancy, he would help such men to own a home. When asked by a client how he should invest money to benefit the masses, I urged him to build model houses for workingmen and sell them on easy terms, and he expended $50,000 in that way. Building associations have assisted thousands to this end.

A splendid reward awaits the man who will drain the Jersey meadows, now the home of malaria and mosquitoes, and cover the site with workingmen's homes, each with its bit of garden. Compared with the drainage of Zuyder Zee this seems an easy task, and I wonder that some Dutch syndicate has not undertaken it. Experienced engineers declare the scheme practicable and profitable. It would give employment to thousands, and would be the best way to counteract the tenement evil.

Here is a unique opportunity for the Prince of Steel to perform a lasting public service, and leave a magnificent monument to his memory. —CHARLES F. WINGATE.

So prevalent is the modern sporting spirit that even the candidate for office does not like to win by too big a majority.

Shall We Return to the Rod?

CORPORAL punishment as an instrument of school discipline has died within the last half-century, not through any regulation being established against it, but because of the growing feeling against it within the teaching profession. The development of the marking and examination method also has worked to stop flogging, by supplying a means of pressure in favor of work, which supplants the rod. In the days of our youth the marks were made upon the boy, not upon the roll-book, and the examination he had to undergo was to ascertain whether he had protected himself in any forbidden way against the rod.

This stands for a vast amount of cruelty done away with, for the rod was a terror to timid and feeble children, which made their life a very hell upon earth. The first schoolmaster I was subject to was just such a tyrant as George MacDonald describes in his Alec Forbes of Howglen. He flogged for the pleasure of it, and embraced every occasion for inflicting a whipping, as relieving the monotony of school life. He invented new and more painful methods of flogging, such as beating boys with a heavy ruler over the backs of their hands, or over their shoulder-blades, or even over their heads. He would take a boy by the hair and knock his head against the floor. I have seen him go leisurely down the schoolroom to the corner where the very small children sat, and proceed to flog them one and all, for no offense alleged by him or known to us. He seemed to enjoy their crying. Such lovers of torture were by no means rare in the teaching profession in that day, and it is said they are still to be found.

In the public schools of England such whippings were inflicted, and still are so, for offenses distinctly specified, and with due deliberation, by the head master of the school. Generally all the boys who have earned a flogging report for it after the morning roll-call and before the regular work of the school begins. One Eaton head master, finding a row of boys waiting for him at that hour, proceeded to name them, and had got half-way through when one little fellow gasped out: "Please, sir; we did not come to be flogged; we're the confirmation class!" In our American schools, as I knew them, there was no such careful routine, but flogging was kept in reserve for grave offenses, especially rebellion against the orders of a teacher.

It is well to be rid of the rod, and yet it also is well to remember that there are more cruel punishments. I have known boys in a modern school subjected before their classmates to a humiliation which was prolonged for over six months. It would have been far less cruel to have given them a whipping in the first place. And a teacher sometimes can give more cutting strokes with his tongue than he could with a rod, and inflict keener pain. There may be worse things than the rod.

Under the law of compulsory education it hardly will be possible to avoid the use of the rod in our schools. There will be many boys in them not bad enough to commit to a school prison—politely called a reform school—who will have to be coerced by vigorous measures. As their parents do not want them to attend school, there will be no reinforcement of discipline at home. As they have no ambition as to their standing in the class or their promotion to a higher grade, they will not care what marks they get on paper. It is to be remembered that all schemes of compulsory education in Europe have the rod in pickle for the refractory boy. We cannot copy one half the scheme without the other.

—ROBERT ELLIS THOMPSON.

Educating the youth out of the child is a crime for which there is no sufficient punishment.

The New Diplomacy

AMERICAN diplomatists have made a strong impression upon the world recently, not by the old method so refined by statesmen like Talleyrand, but through the medium of open statement, and by the direct thrust of truth. The advance of Christian civilization ought to bring about fair dealing among nations as it does among right-minded men. Frankness is thoroughly admirable when it opens a strong, honest and generous mind. It is a trait that commands respect and confidence from even the most refractory nature. No man ever forgives the person who has duped him.

But the wiles practiced by old-time diplomats, admirable as they were formerly considered, do not comport with our present view of honesty. We have repudiated them in our ordinary business life to such an extent that fair dealing is the general rule in trade and commerce. Of course the exceptions are many and glaring; reform is sorely needed; yet the larger fact consists of open, even-handed, generous business intercourse, in which there is a maximum of good-fellowship and a minimum of tricky dealing. It will be a fortifying thing for civilization when the nations all adopt the American method of diplomatic procedure. Mutual confidence between Governments as regards sincerity, frankness and promptness in matters of negotiation would work wonders; nothing could more surely conduce to the permanent peace of the world.

It is well worth while to remember that the American spirit in diplomacy is not an invention of our Government, but a direct emanation from the people's character. We have never been given to indirection in our affairs. The Puritan, the Quaker, the Cavalier, all have distinguished themselves as men of rigid honor, never shrinking from immediate responsibility, never shirking a duty, never using subterfuge in matters of family, church or state. The "shot heard round the world" was an expression of American character made in its formative period, and the spirit of it has grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength. It was not a diplomatic shot; there was something audaciously frank and forthright in the way it was fired. High purpose and manly honesty consecrated it.

We hear a great deal about corruption in American politics, and doubtless the corruption exists. The remedy for it cannot, however, be successfully applied at the Capital. Corruption in office is not a disease, but a symptom, a manifestation of a popular taint against which the remedial agent of education must be directed. The truth must be told, not by way of electioneering exaggerations and incendiary denunciations, but through the effective channels of true diplomacy. From childhood to maturity and on through life men and women must feel that there is no safety in anything but perfect sincerity. Sharp practice may win for a day, duplicity may triumph after a fashion, chicanery may appear to be necessary; but in the long run sturdy common sense, which is the saving virtue of the masses, accepts nothing as permanently worthy which is not firmly rooted in the courage of frankness. The day has arrived for open dealing and generous concessions. Universal peace may not be an enduring possibility; but the greatest good to the greatest number can arrive only when the greatest frankness and honesty shall prevail. —MAURICE THOMPSON.

It is only fair to bear in mind that the bad reputation of the fish story is not due to the fish.

One Way Out of the Transvaal Trouble

THE Transvaal dispute looks very like the case of the collision between an irresistible force and an immovable body. There is right on each side, and also might. The Outlanders complain that although they constitute a majority of the entire population of the country, and produce almost all of its wealth, they have no voice in its government, are exorbitantly taxed, are compelled to pay tribute to oppressive monopolies, and are allowed no opportunity to educate their children in their own language.

The Boers say that the country is theirs, that they are the only people who have settled in it with the honest intention of making it their permanent home; that they went into the wilderness to escape British greed that had pursued them from one refuge to another, and that to grant the franchise to the mob of alien gold-diggers would mean the extinction of the Republic.

Is there any way of reconciling these conflicting interests—any way by which the Outlanders can be given self-government without swamping the independence of the Boers?

Let us see. The Boers are an agricultural and pastoral people. They do not care for mining, except that of late years they have acquired a taste for the money to be made by taxing those engaged in it. They simply want to be let alone, to live in their corner of the world in their own way. The Outlanders are after gold. They do not look upon the Transvaal as a home; they do not envy the Boers their farms and herds; they merely want the privilege of eviscerating the reefs of the Rand in the shortest possible time and on the easiest possible terms, and of managing their own affairs while they do it.

Are these desires irreconcilable? They ought not to be. Why should not England buy the Rand from the Transvaal for a fair price in money and the cession of a tract of agricultural and grazing land on the north and northwest? By that arrangement neither element of the present Transvaal population would have to be subjected to the other. The Boers would have room to expand in their own way, and the Outlanders could dig, blast and speculate in theirs. The cost of even a successful war to England would more than pay the price, and Dutch and English throughout South Africa could once more become friends. Why not?

—SAMUEL E. MOFFETT.

Of course the nations will continue to preach disarmament and practice gunnery.

Heroes for the Slums

IN ALL this bustle of improvement—and the world is getting on tolerably fast—no one seems to have laid proper stress upon the improvement of the small, bad boy. Doubtless this neglect is due to the fact that the gamin does not contribute largely to the literature of the day. But what memoirs they could write—the Pugsies, and Gripsies, and Reddies of the great cities! What battles and adventures and dingy tragedies are theirs, in the dark city cañons and pathless slums!

We shall never know very much about this ragged little race until it breeds its own Kipling; but even the indifferent observer may see that the street urchin is not what he was two decades ago. Of course he keeps up his old deadly feud with the proprieties. He is every whit as irreverent, and quite as "cocky"—there is no other word that will express his crowning impudence. In fact, he is still a boy, and a small boy, and a bad boy at that; but in other ways he has improved decidedly.

There was never yet a boy who did not carry about with him an ideal of some sort—the fanciful picture of some pirate or poet, prize-fighter or martyr. The raggedest little wharf-rat of them all tries to live up to his ideal of some one—perhaps only the stevedore who puts up the stoutest fight. A boy without a popular hero is no boy at all. Now, twenty years ago the bad boy's hero-worship was of a decidedly bad kind. It was not that he went in for Captain Kidds and Dick Turpins. He took his heroes straight from the Tombs' police court, without even the halo of theatrical romance. The nicknames—and this is the height of hero-worship—common among the street boys of that long-ago were chosen from the criminal dock, the prize ring and the gallows.

Doubtless all this was not quite so bad as it seems, for the imagination of a small boy is fearfully and wonderfully made. But to-day he has made an unquestionable advance in his choice of popular heroes. In two ways the war has had a great deal to do with this. It weaned the small boy from the criminal literature of the "nickel novel" to the more thrilling pages of the penny newspaper, and as a result he set up Dewey and Roosevelt in the place of The Boy Burglar and Second-Story Dick, who are, let us trust, permanently dethroned. Nowadays his main ambition is to be laureled with the nickname of some stout soldier or sailor-man. There are scores of ragged little Fighting Bobs and "rough riders" swaggering through the city slums. And all this is good in its way—though it may be neither a reason nor an apology for war.

The only fair method of judging a boy is by his ideals. If they are right he cannot go far wrong, and will come back to a tolerably straight road. —VANCE THOMPSON.

It is far better to sing badly than never to try to sing at all, but at the same time it is not necessary to annoy your neighbors.

The Artist and the Dollar

THERE has been in the minds of some, in the past if not in recent years, a romantic notion that the artist who set about his task lured by visions of the dollar was not worthy to sit even in the shadow of Parnassus. Such a notion sifted to its finest is based upon a truth that all will recognize, that the joy of all honest work lies in the doing; but in general terms it is misleading, and puts a false light upon the profession or business of writing or painting.

Art, like all other occupations that are pursued with enthusiasm and a conscientious regard for good work, has for its end both the expression and the satisfying of the individual genius and the winning of fame, and the appreciation that is, all things considered, most satisfactorily expressed in cash terms. All artists worthy of the name, once they feel they have something worth the doing, are first of all interested in doing it well. The creative impulse raises them for the time being beyond any merely sordid considerations and absorbs them in the idea they have in mind. In moments of relaxation, however, they find time—some of them easily find too much—to dwell upon the hope of the reward that a waiting world rarely fails to accord to real merit.

The fact is, the dollar motive underlies about everything that is done in this world, and it is not without consolation to too tender spirits to be assured that genius itself has been known to contemplate, not uncheerfully, the acquisition of large revenues. Some of the greatest prose and poetry in our language has been written with the evident intention of acquiring money. Shakespeare did not go up to London for the mere fun of writing plays, and Samuel Johnson's Grub Street drudgery was not altogether borne for the mere joy of gratifying an irresistible impulse to write.

—JAMES B. CARRINGTON.

David Bremner Henderson, of Iowa, will find himself very soon the most powerful man in the United States, barring President McKinley. Apart from his almost absolute control over legislation, he will enjoy enormous influence and many advantages. He will draw a salary of $8000 a year—$3000 more than an ordinary Congressman gets—and a large and handsomely furnished office adjoining the chamber of the House will be provided for his exclusive occupancy. At the door, to inspect visitors and keep out cranks, will sit a messenger, an ex-sailor, who has performed the same duty under seven previous Speakers, and this man, paid out of the Treasury, will be his own personal servant.

Beneath the office, on the floor below, is a private dining-room, which Mr. Henderson will have all to himself, nobody else, save such guests as he may choose to invite, being permitted to enter it at any time. There he will eat his luncheon, brought from the House café close by. It may be taken for granted that the meals will be excellent, for the Speaker can deprive the restaurant-keeper of his privilege if he chooses.

Mr. Henderson will be ex-officio custodian of the House end of the Capitol, and as such will be responsible for the good order of that part of the building. Perhaps he will want to make some reforms; Mr. Reed accomplished a number when he took charge. The first thing the latter did was to do away with the "ladies' room" adjoining the legislative chamber; then he drove out the peddlers who had long infested the corridors—old Martha, who sold pie and milk, an apple-woman with an enormous basket, a candy man, a dealer in cigars and tobacco, and even the venerable Clara Morris, merchant of curios and long recognized as an institution.

Henceforward Mr. Henderson will be regarded with awe by the pages and messengers of the House, all of whom he appoints. The pages' duties are restricted to the floor, but the messengers may be utilized for any sort of service. Most of the latter are attached to committees, the Chairmen of which frequently employ them to wait on the table at their houses when they give dinner parties. Indeed, the most important qualification of a messenger is experience in handling eatables and drinkables, and over on the Senate side a colored man, who is reckoned one of the most expert mixers of appetizing bracers in the country, has been retained for twenty-two years, chiefly on this account, by the committee of which Mr. Hale is now Chairman. The Doorkeeper, Clerk and Sergeant-at-Arms of the House are elected by a caucus of the majority party, but Mr. Henderson will control the appointment of the Assistant Doorkeepers. Likewise he can employ or discharge the barbers who cut the hair and trim the whiskers of Representatives at the Capitol. As a matter of fact, however, the Speaker does not interfere with such matters of petty patronage, as a rule, and a story is told of a severe snub which Mr. Reed administered to Congressman Walker, of Massachusetts, when the latter complained of an elevator man and requested his discharge.

"My dear Mr. Walker," replied Reed, with his customary drawl, "I regret to be obliged to refuse what you ask; but it so happens that the man you mention is the only employee of the House whom I have appointed because of personal inclination on my own part."

It is probable that Mr. Henderson will make few changes in the offices which are in the Speaker's gift, preferring to let the present incumbents remain. Most important among them are the places of Parliamentary Clerk and Time Clerk. The former holds a very peculiar position in relation to the House, being, in fact, its recognized authority as to rules of procedure. He is otherwise known as the Speaker's Clerk, and the Speaker calls upon him for points and precedents whenever a dispute arises as to parliamentary proprieties. He sits at the right of the Speaker, just below the latter's desk. Behind him is placed the Time Clerk, who notes the time occupied by members speaking on the floor on occasions when debate is limited. He has a little round clock which ticks off the seconds, and when a gentleman's time is up he notifies the Speaker by raising a finger or otherwise. Then the gavel falls with a bang, and the member must stop, though in the middle of a sentence.

Mr. Henderson will be a sort of chief of police for the House. If gentlemen persistently refuse to behave themselves, he will call upon the Sergeant-at-Arms, who will bring out the mace, which is a sort of parliamentary fetich—the symbol of authority. Then, if members still decline to be good, evincing a riotous inclination, the Sergeant-at-Arms will forcibly take hold of them and compel them to be seated. Further resistance by them will necessitate their arrest and a summons before the bar of the House; but in no case can they be put in jail. A Congressman, during sessions, is exempt from arrest, except for a felony; during recesses he may be imprisoned like any ordinary citizen.

Formerly the Speaker, having first obtained unanimous consent, could grant the use of the hall of the House for lectures, entertainments, or any other such purpose, but under the present rules this is forbidden. Parnell, when visiting the United States, enjoyed the last privilege of this kind that was granted. Mention should be made of the fact that a card signed by Mr. Henderson will admit anybody to the gratuitous privilege of a bath in the superb bathrooms in the basement of the Capitol, where the tubs are of marble and the servants in charge are skilled masseurs.

Uncle Sam has just lost a wizard. His name was John W. Hendley, and up to the time of his death, which occurred July 5, he was engaged in the business of making counterfeits of every imaginable thing in Nature for the National Museum.

During a period of twenty years Hendley was familiarly known in Washington as the Wizard of the Museum. He was a man with a history. During the war with Mexico he served in the Navy, and later on he drifted to California, while the gold excitement was in progress, returning to the East in 1852 with $110,000 in yellow dust. Not possessing a faculty for business, he lost the money in bad investments.

Hendley had a genius for imitation that was almost incredible. His laboratory in Washington was in itself a curiosity worth going many miles to see. Only about a dozen feet square, it was filled with an indescribable litter; moulds of plaster and *papier-mâché* were scattered all over the floor, and here and there on shelves were bottles filled with the chemicals he employed in the manufacture of secret compositions that served as raw material. In the corner farthest from his workbench sat his assistant, Mr. Smith, a saturnine person who disliked visitors.

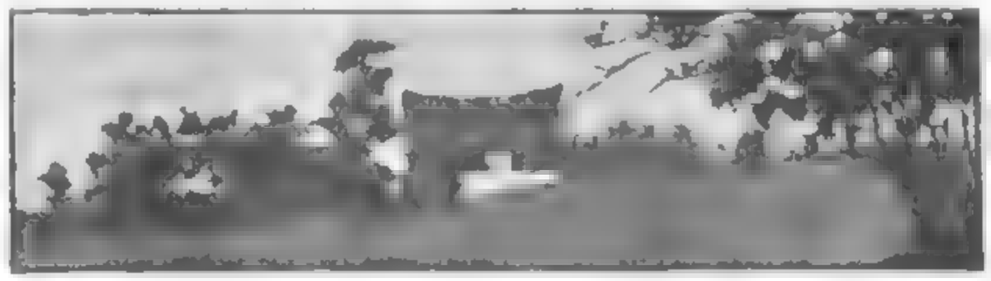
"Speak a little louder; Mr. Smith is deaf," Hendley would say to the casual caller who attempted to enter into conversation with his assistant. But Mr. Smith could not be persuaded to enter into conversation, because he was only a dummy, artfully constructed and dressed up to imitate a real man, with a pipe in his mouth and a tool in his hand, stuffing a bird that was itself a counterfeit.

Somehow there did not seem to be anything veritable about Hendley's surroundings, he fairly reveled in the unreal, and nothing delighted him so much as to cheat people, in his harmless way. The most wonderful thing about his imitations of natural objects was that they had the texture as well as the appearance of the originals. His peaches and plums had not only the look, but the feel of Nature, his grapes are said to have deceived birds, and raw oysters might have been picked up from the half shell without discovery of their falsity until they were put into the mouth. Anything, from a soft-shell crab to a diamond, he could reproduce with equal faithfulness. As for his snakes, they had all of the flexibility and even the clammy feel of the Ophidia.

This gentle wizard usually had a mild luncheon spread on a little table close at hand, consisting of a fresh loaf of bread, a pat of yellow butter, and a few stalks of green-topped celery in a glass of water. He would offer a share of this frugal meal to a visitor, but, if the invitation was accepted, it proved to be but a Barmecide feast, everything except the water being a sham and a mockery. Then he would laugh long and loud, taking a philosopher's pleasure in the study of human gullibility. Again he laughed when, proffering a cigar, it was refused by his guest with a knowing wink, and he lighted it himself.

Professor Newcomb is spending the summer abroad, and is being honored by his confrères on the other side of the water. Professor Newcomb, while he appreciates the attentions shown him, is the most modest of men and does not take kindly to hero-worshipers. In his drawing-room at Washington the beautiful vase of jasper presented by the Czar in behalf of the observatory at Pulkowa; the bronze vases of exquisite workmanship from the observatory at Tokio; a case full of medals, among them the Copley medal from the Royal Society of England, and degrees from all the universities in the world, attest the honor in which he is held. Among these evidences of admiration and esteem Professor Newcomb has preserved a slip of worn and yellow paper, which is of interest, since it refers to the leading mathematical astronomer of the age:

> "This is to certify that Mr. Simon Newcomb is well qualified to instruct children in the various branches of an English education, and possesses a good moral character. He exhibited a very considerable knowledge of the higher branches of mathematics.
>
> "W. J. SUMLER,
>
> "JOHN W. E. SUMLER,
>
> "Trustees of Primary School No. 4, of Q. A. Co., for year ending 1855.
>
> "Sudlersville, November 23, 1855."



MABEL IN THE COUNTRY

By Clinton Scollard

NOW Mabel's gone, how dull the town!
I loiter in the square,
And if the sky or smile or frown
'Tis not a jot I care
With her in far Arcadian air,
Mine eyes that found before
These urban highways bright and fair
Behold them so no more!

Despite the charm her presence flings
O'er barren streets of stone,
Despite the glow and grace she brings
Where men make bitter moan,
Not these her true heart's haunts, but lone
And tangled woodpaths wild,
Where Nature welcomes back her own—
Her home-returning child.

I know the flowers must lean to her
Who is so blossom-sweet;
I know the grass and moss must stir
With thrills to feel her feet
I know the birds must "twit" and "tweet"
To glimpse her fleeting by,
And all the little leaves repeat
A loving litany.

Ave, she is gone, and loneliness
Possesses me like pain!
What bliss in some remote recess
To hear her voice again!—
To mark with her the sunset stain,
To hark the twilight hum!—
Ah, must I wait, and wait in vain,
The word that bids me come?

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Education and Discontent, by Maurice Thompson, contains many timely and well put suggestions, and I have no doubt accords with the prevailing sentiment of a large class of educated people. It seems to me that he hardly condemns enough the past and prevailing tendency to stimulate youth to impossible attainments. The "horns and hoofs" of modern competitive life appear almost too cruel to his educated sensitiveness but if he is an evolutionist he has whatever consolation may be gained from the "survival of the fittest."

Two thoughts occur to me, however, which may be worth notice. The present system of education is undergoing a transformation. The great number of purely intellectual studies, with the gradual lengthening and strengthening of courses, has tended to sharpen the mental faculties, and cultivate cunning and shrewdness at the expense of character and physical poise. As witness, note the increasing number of mechanical devices to check dishonesty, such as patent street-car fare-boxes, cash registers, etc., and the constant legal enactments to protect society against similar evils.

The spread of nervous disorders likewise indicates the physical neglect and abuse. This, taken in connection with the spirit of the times, which would seem to estimate the value of a man's education by the marketable value of his productions rather than by the quality of character produced, surely tends to put the cultured man with high ideals at variance with his environment. With the introduction of Kindergarten methods, manual training, cooking, sewing and commercial courses a corrective tendency is brought in.

In the meantime those educated under the old and prevailing systems must suffer keenly during the readjustment. The throes of a new age are upon us, and the birth of a new educational system is attended with pain and foreboding. We can only await the issue with trust and courage.

Greenville, Ohio. FRAZER E. WILSON

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Education and Discontent, by Maurice Thompson—a really excellent article! The strangeness is that he did not quote Paul, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." The revised version translates "therein." There is a wide difference between being contented with a thing and being contented in it. We should never be contented with the world for it is a wicked world but we should always be contented in it. No man could be content with suffering as a permanent condition; for a time he may be contented in it; like a traveler in a foreign land, he is willing to put up with many annoyances in view of the *terminus ad quem*. In a word — is to be content in every state as educational.

"Discontent with slovenly work," says the writer, "the greatest aid to self-training." A memorable sentence, surely. Discontent is the first rung on the ladder of progress. We became discontented with the pen, hence the printing press, with the sickle, hence the reaper. We do not say to the man — years in debt, "Do not worry, brother; learn to be con— The contentment of men with themselves is the greatest barrier to progress. The savage is perfectly contented with himself, and Booker T. Washington tells us that the first thing his teachers try to instill into the colored youth of his institute is a wide discontent.

The man who is satisfied with himself has lost his ideal, or — the same, then further uplift is impossible henceforward is decline. Man is a hungry being, an ambitious being, a growing being—that is to say, an immortal being. There will be discontent in Heaven—that is, a desire to know more and grow more, and each healthy to-morrow implies discontent with each imperfect yesterday. Heaven else is stagnation. We are never to be self-contented until we attain unto our perfect possible selves and that, I interpret, we will never reach either in this world or the next. MALCOLM JAMES MCLEOD

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

That education is the parent of discontent few will dispute. One leads the other by the hand. Ambition and discontent are twin attributes of modern education.

Education of to-day is not the education of yesterday. Our forefathers in the course of their schooling might have had a thousand things placed before them all of which tended to inspire their efforts to a higher and nobler purpose in life, but the youth of to-day has tens of thousands of examples and inducements.

The young man who graduates from one of our colleges or universities and starts his new career with not an apparent intention to add to his present store of knowledge, or to utilize his developed mental and physical faculties for the betterment of his social position or the enlargement of his earthly store, is — a loadstone about the neck of higher —

Although he may pass through life, —, discharging some humble duties which might fall to his lot, — after having spent a long and contented life tilling the soil with little result save the comfortable maintenance of himself and those dependent upon him, he passes away, and those scintillating — who once looked upon him as promising now write "Failure" after his name.

Education without ambition to spur it in every race that is run is as a fisherman who casts his line into the waters without bait. His selection of a location might be the best, and his rod and line flawless, but his efforts are futile because he lacks the essential.

But ambition is a modest creature and never attempts a long journey without the companionship of her stern sister—a discontented mind. Hence the modern educated youth who is blessed with a longing aspiration for a position among the brighter stars is to an extent cursed by the spectre—discontent.

Discontent in many cases is a lamentable disease. But ambition and discontent, reinforced by education have moved mountains, made man master over a thousand of Nature's hidden forces, and given to the world its thousands of great men. Thrice blessed be education, ambition and discontent, and may they march hand in hand unto the end of time.

Baltimore, Maryland. W. SHANNON MCKEE

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Mr. Maurice Thompson knew what he was talking about when he wrote Education and Discontent. It is distinctly sarcastic to watch a Harvard graduate digging post holes and dreaming of fame and fortune the while.

Nearly every great man is a man of liberal education. True! But thousands of men of liberal education have failed to become great. If a man is destined to be a farmer it is hardly likely that he turn out a statesman. Because a man is not great does not denote that he is ignorant. College graduates have begged before now, and some will continue to do so. Yet every one should have an education that will help him in the daily needs of life.

Every young man should aim high, but not so high as not to be able to hit anything. Good marksmen are good fighters. The battle of life is a desperate one, and only good fighters can conquer. JOHN WILLIAM MCCLELLAN.

The CIRCLE OF A CENTURY

By Mrs. Burton Harrison

IN NEW YORK OF TO-DAY

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CHAPTER IV

MRS. HOPE'S large, old-fashioned drawing-rooms were again thrown open to her friends. This time the occasion was a sewing class of an unusually interesting variety.

It was not one of those opportunities to discuss the fate of nations and the faults of man to slow music and slower recitations—when nightgowns and petticoats for the infant poor lie prone across silken laps while conversation quickens in the air—and when the hour of parting scatters to their carriages devotees bearing off unfinished tasks to be concluded by their maids at home.

In the morning sunshine, streaming through windows that looked out on a pleasant Square, were gathered fifty or more matrons, assorted in age and size, but distinctly of the chaperoning, dinner-giving set. From tables piled with neat rolls of flannel a few organizing spirits were distributing, to applicants as they came in, the abdominal bandages prescribed by medical authority for the use of soldiers in a tropic clime. Equipped with one of these to hem and supply with tapes, each lady took her place in the group of friends found by her to be most congenial. Here were no languorous needles seen. All was industry, and the swelling chorus of chat was charged with an unwonted note of gravity in face of the possible issue of the struggle for which they were thus beginning to provide.

The great wave of popular resentment that had swept over the length and breadth of the land, after the catastrophe of the *Maine*, had been met in a more hold back spirit by New Yorkers than by their brethren of the West and South. In clubs and dining-rooms, down town and up, the matter was discussed incessantly, but with conservatism—especially by the elders of the community.

They did not yearn for a war with Spain in behalf of suffering Cuba. To their minds, it looked as if the starving reconcentrados would be all in their graves before the American troops could be fitly prepared to fight their battles. They were not sufficiently worked up to righteous indignation against the oppressors of their neighbors to crave sacrificing to it the health and lives of their own beloved sons in the pestilential climate of a Cuban summer. And—perhaps—they were not satisfied that their leaders meant to carry on the war solely for the benefit of the downtrodden race of aliens, and without ulterior and selfish purposes.

■

But everywhere in the great cosmopolitan city impetuous youth had arrayed itself against experienced age. No memories of the awful war between the States that, even at this late date, had still potency to grip the heart and chill the blood of those who grew up amid its dread realities, could dissuade a younger generation eager for a new fray at arms. While to all the armories of the State Guard were trooping applicants for admission to the ranks, young fellows with whom their parents and kinsmen were exhausting deterrent influence, went about looking sore and sick at heart, with hope depressed. And among girls whose knowledge of what war may be was a happy blank, were rehearsed eager expressions of sympathy for those would-be warriors. They could not understand—why should they?—any reason in the attempt to curb a martial spirit—to condemn a young man's pride to bleed at home, instead of allowing him to take the risk of sacrificing his life among comrades in the field.

And, as usual, the young element overpowered the old. The inevitable of history was accomplished. The stir of the country at large reached the secluded homes of the wealthy residents of New York, to find them ready at a touch to yield up their best. Money flowed like a river to establish an Ambulance Corps and Red Cross Auxiliaries. Young men who were idling abroad came home, zealous to enlist as privates in the ranks of the avenging Army. Gently bred women and girls stepped forward to offer themselves as nurses and hospital attendants, however humble in capacity. This was no child's play in the name of patriotism, but self-sacrifice of the sort that effectually tests the souls of people.

The vote of Congress, early in March, to appropriate fifty millions of money for national defense startled every one, even to the last unbeliever and scoffer, into realizing that war was at least in view.

What a strange cloud hovered all that spring of 1898 over a community seemingly unchanged in its performance of the usual functions of every day! People went on dressing, dining, theatre-going, speculating, money-making, wrangling about politics or religion, abusing each other in print, taking thought for the morrow of their business and pleasure—trying all the while to ignore the fact of the coming crash of armed conflict.

The one outward visible sign of anxiety was eagerness to devour and digest if possible the repeated extras of the daily press. At all hours of the day and night were these disturbers of the peace, with their giant headlines and gory imprints, brought into homes and read between heartbeats. But until April was well advanced—nay, until the day the wires flashed to a waiting world the final refusal of Spain to withdraw her troops from Cuba at America's demand—there was always room for hope that the disaster was not to come.

■

Thus may be explained an apparent levity in the earlier attitude of many New Yorkers regarding the situation. They were like children who had played at wolf till they feared no longer, yet would have been glad to put an end to the awesome sport.

Mrs. Hope, one of the directors of the sewing-class here convened for special patriotic work, did not, on the bright day of April when they met at her residence, look as complacent as when we saw her previously in the season. It was evident that her cup of personal anxieties was overfull, and some of her more intimate acquaintances had shrewd suspicions as to the cause. To-day, when she was brought into the very focus of public observation, many speculations were hazarded as to the cause of her evident disquietude of spirit.

"It is all very well to put it down to her son Laurie's being likely to go off with his troop," said a lady in a group remote from the hostess' position by the table. "That's bad enough, as nobody knows better than I, who can't sleep for thinking of my boy in the Naval Reserve.

Of course the Navy will have to bear the brunt of it. It will be a sea-battle, my husband says, short and sharp; and that will be the end. But one is always hoping the whole thing will blow by. They do say," she went on, dropping her voice, while threading a gold-eyed needle, "Elizabeth Hope has discovered an attachment between her idol, Laurie, and little Bessie Warriner."

■

"And you think that's all? Is it possible you have not heard of the story that's just come out, about Lucy and that good-for-nothing Jack?"

"No. What? Anything very recent?"

"Yesterday, only, it got about. I'm sure all the others here are whispering about it, so why shouldn't we? The [illegible] fair between Laurie and Bessie doesn't count in comparison with this other business——"

"Oh! tell me. Please don't delay."

"My daughters heard it at their Red Cross meeting, yesterday," put in an important-looking dame, while the first speaker remained in an agony of suspended curiosity. "No one knows exactly how the facts got out, but it happened at the —— Club, where both young men belong. Laurie Hope had some words with Jack Warriner and, it is said, ordered him not to come near this house again. Jack went off in another one of those terrible drinking fits, and told everybody in hearing of his engagement to Lucy," whispered the happy informant. "I see Lucy's not downstairs to-day, so it must be true. It appears the child is infatuated with Jack, and they've been engaged for months. Shouldn't wonder if they had her stepping out of the house some fine day and getting married to him in secret. Well, there is some excuse for a little young thing like that losing her head about such a perfectly handsome man. But you remember, my dear, that affair at Newport several years ago . . and other things. . . . Oh! no, he's no husband for a nice girl, and [illegible] serve in a year at best."

"Too bad! too bad!" commented the important-looking [illegible]. "It's tell my girls these young women who are set up for professional beauties invariably make the worst matches in the world. Everybody knows, too, that Mrs. Hope made a tremendous attempt to catch young Adamson for her daughter when he first came home. I'm told the young man—who, dear knows, is exceedingly snubby, and has no manners that I can see—saw through her in a minute, and simply stopped coming to the house. No inducement could bring him here now, they say."

"Don't talk to me about young Adamson!" exclaimed the third lady of the group, stopping to hold up her half-completed garment with an approving air, and interpolating, "I'm giving my best herring-bone to the poor, dear volunteers. A more spoiled, uppish, uninteresting creature than 'Rex,' as the girls call him, I've never seen. A complete disappointment to society. I pity the woman who gets him for a son-in-law, and his wife will always have to dance round to the tune of his exactions. I can fancy him brutal, if his temper were roused. I told Mrs. Warriner long ago, when she was credited with wanting him for Euphrosyne, that my child wouldn't take him for a gift. And what good does their wealth do him or the public? He spends nothing on himself or anybody else."

"The papers this evening say young Mr. Adamson will offer his splendid new yacht as a gift to the Government before it's been put in commission—and I know of a lot of big charities that he's given to most liberally," said a quiet spinster sitting by, who had caught the final clause of the other's speech. "It seems to me he has a very unusual sense of the duties of a multi-millionaire. He does not succeed in making friends with his followers generally, that's clear; and then consider how many he's had to snub."

"Oh!" answered the important lady huffily.

Temporarily silenced, she soon returned to the charge.

"Poor Mrs. Hope! She looks twice her age to-day. Such an effort as it must have been to push Lucy on this winter, and the girl absolutely ungrateful! I'm struck more and more with that idea of her running off with Jack Warriner and getting married on the sly. Since you suggested it, it has grown upon my mind."

"Then at the next sewing class it will probably be circulated as an accomplished fact," remarked the quiet spinster, with an innocent expression.

"I don't know what you mean," replied the important dame freezingly, turning her back to pursue her utterances before more sympathetic hearers, but judging it wiser to refrain from further reference to the Adamsons and Hopes.

■

"I had a letter from my niece, Lady Clevenden, to-day. She is having the greatest possible success—and is in the smartest set—of course, not the Queen's.

"Do you know, I've written to my agent that I'll not occupy my country house at all this summer? It is so near the coast, I should think it in the highest degree unsafe—I should never trust those Spaniards not to bombard us without mercy, if their squadron should come in there. Even Newport's in danger, so they say. And to think how civil people were to those bloodthirsty wretches only a few years back. Treating their Eulalia as if she were good looking!

"Imagine any one having the heart to throw shells among the lovely houses and lawns on the cliff at Newport! My husband?—cured by absent treatment, my dear; not a doubt of it, though our family physician came three times a day. I think we should, before all things, be broad, and accept the new ideas. Did you hear that Mrs. Midas has cut down her ball and dinner list to fifty? Says she can't visit over that number; and not one of them has less than ten millions. I'm told it's a fact. She's been making up tremendously to young Adamson, and if no Duke presents himself for Miss Midas perhaps young Adamson will be made to do. The conceit of Elizabeth Hope—thinking she was going to get him for poor little Lucy!

"I really pity these people who fancy they can keep up

—"it happened at the —— Club, where both young men belong"

In clubs and dining-rooms, down town and up, the matter was discussed incessantly

Editor's Note—Part I, The Circle of a Century, began in the Post of June 10. Part II, July 22. Each part is a complete story.

with society on the strength of a few rusty old grandfathers' portraits on the wall—and the Warriners are worse even than the Hopes. Well, I've finished my stint, and must go. Thirty to luncheon to-day—all the frumps and people I used to know before we moved. Kill all my birds with one stone, as I told my husband. My chef, who is the most appreciative creature, understands things so thoroughly that he brought me two or three of his second-class menus to choose between for this lunch. How tender it makes one feel to think that the work of one's fingers is going to be worn by a soldier boy battling for Cuba Libre! I'll just slip out this door without letting any one else see me, so good-by!"

"Insufferable woman!" observed the quiet spinster to the two ladies remaining, who were naturally not averse to hearing their late comrade disposed of. "She is a bundle of pretenses, eaten up with petty ambitions that are not gratified. Her sole claim to public notice is her money."

"Oh! she will get there. She is on the way," answered the busy worker with the gold-eyed needle. "That enormous new house has turned her head, as they generally do at first. But she's more sure of herself than she used to be, or she'd never have ventured to pick holes in Elizabeth Hope. Last year she hung round the Hopes' necks and toadied them no end, because they stand for the old régime. There comes Lucy at last—pretty creature. But, dear me, she looks very sad. I shouldn't have known the child."

Poor Lucy! While her affairs were being thus arranged for her by the *voces populi* of "polite" society, she was moving about the room very quietly and graciously, greeting her mother's friends, and, as quickly as might be, sitting down under the wing of Mrs. Arrowtip, who had tact enough to make no comment upon her evidently nervous and overstrained condition of mind.

After Lucy had stitched vigorously for a while upon the girdle of a brave defender, Mrs. Arrowtip took the opportunity, when a friend on the other side had turned away, to look again at the girl, and then addressed her casually.

"What was it this morning, Lucy? Slumming, or calisthenics; drawing, or Red Cross? You girls are so taken up with occupations one never presumes to think of you as idling like the heroines of old, who remained for hours in contemplation of a rose."

"I've been doing nothing better or worse than listening to the sorrows of the housemaid," said Lucy, trying to speak lightly. "I found that little rosy German girl mamma got last, dissolved in tears because her sweetheart is in the National Guard, and he told her last night they expect soon to be ordered to the South, to prepare for Cuba. I had to convince her that the war is not on yet. Mrs. Arrowtip," she added in quite a different tone, "I want you to do me the greatest favor in the world."

The two sat apart from the others, and as Lucy spoke Mrs. Arrowtip moved her chair into the bay window, pretending to need more light, and signaled her to follow.

"There, now, no one can hear us. What is it, my dear?" said the older lady cheerfully.

"I suppose you know—everybody seems to know—that Laurie and Jack Warriner have had a quarrel about me."

"Dear, dear; these irrepressible Warriners and Hopes!" answered Mrs. Arrowtip, letting her gaze rove to the portrait of Lucy's famous ancestress, The Lady of the Duel. "Why can't they desist from it, I'd like to know?"

"Nothing can come of this but misery to me," said the girl drearily. "Laurie found out from me that I promised to marry Jack some day and, after speaking to me as I never supposed he could speak to the sister who loves him so, went off and told Jack that all must end between us, on the spot. Then he came home again and told my father and mother, and—and——"

"Take care. Don't go on till you can control your voice. Shouldn't you think our soldiers are all to be Daniel Lamberts, the size they have cut these things? And what man's going to stop to tie tapes—a good honest pair of safety-pins would be better. Now you are all right; go on again, little girl."

"They sided with Laurie, and it was terrible. No one told me anything but 'it must be,' or 'it must not be.' Even papa said, 'Believe me, you will thank us for this one day.' Now, I submitted when it happened, night before last, but since then I have made up my mind to a different course."

"One moment, my child. How did the story get abroad?"

"I don't know," answered Lucy artlessly. "Of course Laurie didn't speak of it, and of course Jack would be too proud, even if he did not wish to shelter me. Oh! Mrs. Arrowtip, if you refuse to help me, I don't know where to turn. I must see Jack once more and say good-by to him. He can't come here, and I've no place where I could meet him if I would. It is so strange he has never written me a line, or sent me a message, when he knows how I must have suffered! Tell me the truth, *do* you think they—my people are doing right?"

"I'm afraid I do, Lucy. But don't enter upon that part of it. It is too much of a tax on your self-restraint."

"Poor Jack! The whole world is his enemy!" exclaimed Lucy, keeping back her tears.

"Poor Jack! He is his own worst enemy!" said Mrs. Arrowtip firmly. "Lucy, this had to come, and my sorrow is that you must bear it by yourself. I know what you want me to do, dear, and I'll try to gratify you. When I go home from here now, I'll send off a messenger with a note to Jack telling him that you will be with me at five o'clock, and that I'll rely on him as a gentleman to come there only to say good-by. It mayn't be wise, but I'll risk it."

"Oh, how *dear* you are, Mrs. Arrowtip!" exclaimed the child fervently, a gleam of the old-time joy coming into her eyes. "I believe this will almost crush him, coming just when he had made a new beginning of his life. But poor Jack never has other people's luck. Even this new business has not proved exactly what he hoped. There has been something—I don't know what—that has gone against him. Once or twice he did not come here when he had promised to, and when I saw him again he did not seem quite—quite—himself. I've half suspected, once or twice, that his friend Mr. Adamson has not kept his pledges to him."

"Put that out of your mind once and for all, my dear," said Mrs. Arrowtip, "for I have been seeing Mr. Adamson pretty steadily. We have many points of common interest, and I begin to know him very well. I think the best thing about Jack is the way he has kept Adamson's friendship. Adamson has been literally a rock for him to lean upon."

"Then why did Mr. Adamson behave so oddly about giving me up?" exclaimed Lucy vigorously. "After dining here that night long ago, he just left cards at the door, and never came again. If he had been Jack's friend he would have wanted to see more of us. You can't think how it has hurt my feelings; it seemed almost a rebuke to me for my forwardness in letting him know so much on a first acquaintance. But it was because there seemed so much in him for me to trust. Then, too, I had found an old letter that appeared to link us together, and—and—oh! I was dreadfully disappointed in Mr. Adamson!"

"Keep to your first intuitions, my dear, and they will guide you right. For my part, I can't imagine any one more to be trusted than he. But surely you've met him since?"

"Oh, yes! in an unsatisfactory sort of fashion. Once he took me in to dinner at the Langleys, and talked almost entirely to the girl on his other side. I may as well tell you the truth: I was not only puzzled, but piqued. I wanted him to like me for myself, as well as because Jack had chosen me. I even went out of my way a little to try to get him to do so. But he wouldn't," she added, in a melancholy tone.

"FORGET ME, AND, WHEN YOU CAN, FORGIVE"

"Don't waste yourself in any further speculations, my child," said Mrs. Arrowtip gravely. "As matters stand, I can only thank Heaven that circumstances, even before your brother's manly action, have kept you and Jack Warriner almost continually apart."

"You, too, Mrs. Arrowtip?"

"Yes, I, too, little Lucy. But let us talk no more of this. Come to me this afternoon at five and I will be with you while he says farewell. Under those conditions only I consent. Now, dear, slip out and run up to your room. Your eloquent face is beginning to show too plainly what we are talking about. If I could only solve the mystery of how Laurie's talk with Jack at the club had got abroad——"

"Laurie believed no one would know of it except ourselves," said the girl piteously. "And surely my parents never would—why, mamma can't have any idea that the affair has been talked about!"

"No, no; there is another reason—pray Heaven it mayn't be what I fear—that Jack himself betrayed their secret, in his cups," the lady thought, though she said nothing.

Prompt as she was kind, Mrs. Arrowtip sat down before eating lunch and penned a note to the scapegrace.

A little later an envelope was put into her hands, containing Jack Warriner's card, across which was penciled, in wavering characters: "I ought not, but I will come."

At five, Lucy, pale, a little frightened, but resolute, arrived in the drawing-room of Mrs. Arrowtip's tiny dwelling, where many a time of late Rex Adamson had sat, unburdening himself to its owner of thoughts and feelings of which he could never before have deemed it possible to speak. Whether or not Mrs. Arrowtip suspected his state of mind toward Lucy, and the real reason for his keeping away from the Hopes' home, she was not yet assured of it.

While sitting there waiting for Lucy she could hardly restrain a whimsical burst of rebellion against Fate for failing to decree that Lucy and Rex should have met before Jack had claimed the homage of the girl's imagination.

Hereafter, with Adamson's admiration for Lucy held forcibly in check and Lucy's heroic notions of remaining true to the memory of her first love, the whole thing would be warped and might never be straightened out. How tiresome lovers are! Mrs. Arrowtip did like Rex Adamson. He was so all-deserving of a good wife. Lucy was of the kind to love a man for himself, without reference to fortune, and how hard this was going to be for Rex to find elsewhere.

But concerning the depth and permanency of Lucy's love for Jack, Mrs. Arrowtip was beginning to feel uncomfortable. She was afraid the girl would hold on to the idea of him till other opportunities had drifted down the stream, till the best years of her life were spent in clinging to a false ideal. Such things had been—might be. She recalled what the girl had said about consoling the little housemaid.

What was that saying of the dear old autocrat? "A real human heart with divine love in it beats with the same glow under all the patterns of all earth's thousand tribes." A tear came into the lady's eyes. She, too, had felt that "divine love," and lost it many years before. She must be gentle with Lucy, and curb her clever tongue.

"My dear girl," she said, rising to kiss her guest, "he will be here, but remember I can give you no more help with him than this. I think it is, before all, your duty to let him go, and I believe you will not fail. No, don't answer me. Only believe that I love you and would spare you if I could."

Not feeling in the mood for speech, they sat down in silence, one on either side of a miniature table draped in convent lace, on which a silver kettle bubbled cheerily. To make time fly, Mrs. Arrowtip busied herself with her tea-making, urging upon Lucy a cup, which was at once put down with its contents untasted. Moments that seemed hours passed before a sharp ring was heard, and then Lucy sprang upon her feet with an electric thrill.

"Courage, Lucy," she heard in her friend's clear, softly modulated tones.

But at the man's step in the little hall Lucy started in dismay, exclaiming: "That's not he! Oh, I must go out! I can't see any one but Jack!"

Before she could cross the threshold to retreat through the back room the visitor came in. It was none other than Rex Adamson.

He looked sad and stern. His face wore an expression neither woman could fathom. It was almost that of shame.

Bowing to Mrs. Arrowtip, he went over at once to arrest Lucy, who stood half withdrawn in the shadow of the portière through which she had meant to vanish.

"Don't go, please. I have a message for you," he said, in the low, concentrated tone that "holds passion in a leash." "And I don't think I ever had one that cost me such pain to give."

"He is ill?" she cried, her heart beating with dull foreboding.

"No; not ill, only—not fit to be here. Indeed, I believe he meant and desired to keep his promise to come to you, but—it is far better that he failed. He asked me if he should, and I told him it was better not."

"But I don't understand," she answered, in pained bewilderment. "It must be something—oh, Mrs. Arrowtip, he won't speak; you tell me what this means!"

"It means that the man you have thought you loved was never worthy of you, dear," said her friend, coming behind her and putting an arm round her shoulders, "and that Mr. Adamson naturally hesitates to speak words that will tell you the necessary truth: Jack, kinsman of mine though he be, Lucy, is a confirmed drunkard and *débauché*. How could those who love you trust you in such hands? No matter what he swears to you, he will never have strength to keep it——"

"Oh! don't!" cried Lucy, bursting into tears. "I can't listen—it is too dreadful—too treacherous to him! How can I believe you when I have never seen him other than as I know him? Isn't it enough we should be parted without having my life darkened by such cruel slanders against him? And from you, Mr. Adamson—who call yourself his friend?"

Rex Adamson's face grew very pale.

"You leave me no alternative," he said, taking out of his pocket a crumpled scrap of paper, "but to give you this, which I had hoped you might be spared."

Lucy tried to read through her tears the rough scrawl in Jack's familiar handwriting, that yet did not seem his own. When she could decipher them these lines seemed to blaze upon her sight:

> "It is all true what they say of me. I have gone under again—this time degrading you. After Laurie left me, I drank myself mad and told every one our secret. Don't waste your sympathy. I am beyond the pale. But I don't bear Laurie any grudge—if it had been my sister I'd have done the same. But for the man who will give you this I believe I'd shoot myself now, and end it. I shall never want to meet your eyes again. Forget me, and, when you can, forgive."

When Lucy looked up from her long and bitter sobbing she was alone. Presently Mrs. Arrowtip came back and soothed and kissed her; but neither of them spoke of the contents of the note which Lucy had cast into the fire.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

GENTLEMEN OF THE SEA

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN PRIVATEERS*

By Edgar S. Maclay

PAPER NUMBER II

AN INSTANCE of the daring of American privateersmen is related with characteristic frankness in a London periodical of the year 1777:

> "An American privateer of twelve guns came into one of the ports of the Jersey Islands, in the English Channel, yesterday morning, tacked about on the firing of the guns from the castle, and just off the island took a large brig bound for this port, which they have since carried into Cherbourg. The American privateer had the impudence to send her boat in the dusk of the evening to a little island off here called Jetto, and unluckily carried off the lieutenant of Northley's Independent Company with the garrison adjutant, who were shooting rabbits for their diversion. The brig they took is valued at $35,000."

Charles W. Goldsborough, who during the first twenty years of the Navy's existence as a separate department acted as its chief clerk, relates that during one of the many battles between British cruisers and American privateers a cannon-ball came aboard the latter, and after spending its force in smashing things up indiscriminately, rolled along the deck, not quite decided what to do next.

An American sailor picked it up and wrote on it with a piece of chalk, "Postpaid and returned with the compliments of Yankee Doodle"; then putting the shot in a cannon, fired it back to its owners.

THE DANGERS OF TOO MUCH SUCCESS

A danger peculiar to privateersmen was that of prisoners rising and overpowering their captors. A striking illustration of this is had in the case of the privateer sloop Eagle, of Connecticut. This vessel carried six guns and thirty men. In 1778 the Eagle in a single cruise captured six vessels, "one to every gun," that being the acme of privateering luck as expressed by the tars of that day.

It was unfortunate for her that she took so many prizes, for by manning them all she had reduced her complement to fifteen men, besides whom there were a large number of prisoners aboard. Taking advantage of a favorable opportunity these prisoners rose on their captors, overpowered them, and, putting all but two boys to death, made away with the ship. They had not gone far, however, before they were recaptured by the American privateer Hancock. In the following year the Eagle was blown up at New York.

A TRAGEDY OF THE SEA

Our privateersmen were especially exposed to the anger of British naval officers, and there were few instances in which they were treated little better than pirates.

On December 1, 1812, the privateer Jack's Favorite, Captain Miller, of New York, put into St. Bart's for provisions. A few days later the British twelve-gun war-schooner Subtle, Captain Brown, entered the same port, and her commander boasted in the presence of a number of merchants and others that he would "follow and take the —— Yankee privateer if he went to h—— for her."

When Captain Miller sailed out of the harbor the Subtle followed and gave chase. Not wishing to engage a man-of-war, the Americans carried a press of sail, and the Englishmen also spread all the canvas their craft could stand under. While the two vessels were staggering under the pressure a squall came up. The Americans adroitly took in their canvas so as to receive the brunt of the blow under bare poles, but their pursuer was capsized.

In a few minutes the squall blew over, and Captain Miller, failing to discover the slightest trace of his foe, was moved by motives of humanity to retrace his course. On reaching the spot where the Subtle was last seen he found a few caps and hammocks floating in the water.

This was all that was left of the Subtle, all of her people having gone down with her.

WHEN PIRATES WERE POPULAR

For the first hundred years and more after the establishing of the Colonies in the New World, the distinction between privateers, slavers, pirates, and even Government cruisers was vague, and at times obliterated altogether.

It was a period in which, on the high seas, might was right; and when their home Governments were at war with each other—and sometimes when at peace—the Colonial seaman seized whatever he could, whether he was a pirate, privateersman, or a King's officer. The astonishing growth of commerce in the New World made it a tempting field for depredations of every kind, and the result was that high-handed proceedings were the rule rather than the exception. As a result of this chaotic state, the colonists were compelled to maintain cruisers at their own expense, while traders were as carefully prepared for fighting as for carrying merchandise.

In some seaports there was a general connivance on the part of the people at this state of affairs so long as the depredations were directed against "others." At Charleston, South Carolina, pirates of all degrees walked the streets with impunity. Men well known for their participation in piratical deeds were welcomed by those among whom they spent their ill-gotten gains.

In some cases they were tried, but the juries managed to return negative verdicts.

PIRATES WHO BECAME GOOD CITIZENS

Many of the pirates retired on their fortunes, purchased lands in the Colony about Charleston, and made their homes there, becoming subjects of King George, and doubtless leading honest lives. While it is now impossible to ascertain those among the law-abiding citizens of South Carolina whose paternal ancestors harassed the Spanish shipowners two hundred years ago, it is quite certain that many of the taxpayers in this State could claim that distinction.

But the condition of piracy cannot be measured by present lights. In those times of almost incessant war, when one Government commissioned individuals to rove the seas and rob its enemies' ships of commerce, the step from the privateer to the pirate was natural, and the moral difference not very marked. Men of very good family became pirates because they loved adventure; it was profitable if they were not hanged, and they had nothing to do at home except fight.

We can better understand this leniency toward the outlaws when we remember that in the Spanish attack on Charleston in 1706 the authorities did not scruple calling on these "desperate" men to enlist in the vessels hastily prepared for the defense of the town.

A BATTLE OFF CHARLESTON

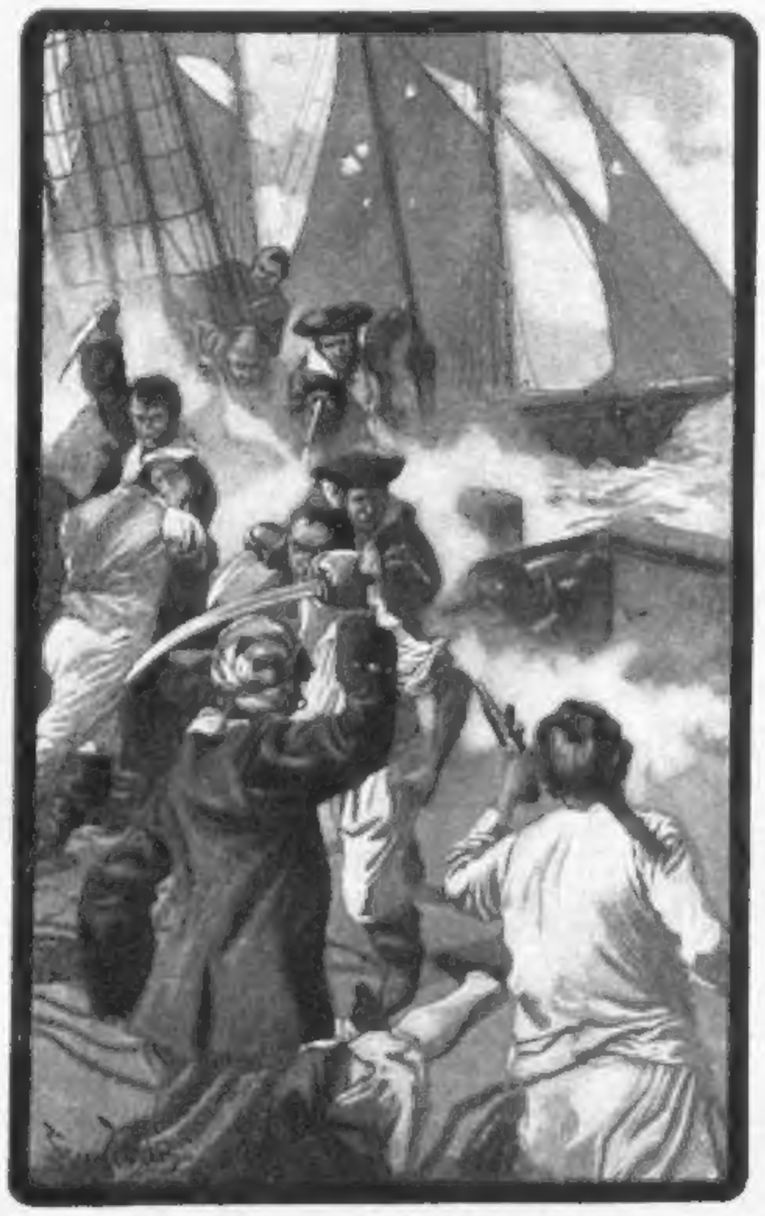
Early in the eighteenth century a nest of pirates was established on the island of Providence, in the Bahamas, from which place they sent out ships to prey on commerce. Another headquarters of the sea-robbers was opened near the mouth of Cape Fear River, and for years these waters were completely in their possession. Shipowners in England in 1718 appealed to the Crown, and Captain Woods Rogers sailed against Providence with several warships.

Learning that two piratical ships had put into Cape Fear River, Governor Johnson commissioned Colonel Rhett to command a warship fitted up for the purpose and sail against these pirates. One of the two piratical craft was a sloop carrying ten guns and commanded by Captain Steed Bonnett, "a handsome young fellow," who was said to be a member of an old English family. The second vessel, commanded by Richard Worley, carried only six guns. These two rovers had been in the habit of boldly cruising off Charleston harbor for days at a time and in plain sight of the town, waiting for the first merchantman that might venture out.

At the time Rhett sailed Steed Bonnett was doing duty as the blockading vessel. On making out the force of Rhett's ship Bonnett sailed for Cape Fear River, hotly pursued. Rhett came up with the pirate, and induced the freebooter to haul down his flag. Before consenting to give themselves up, however, the pirates stipulated, under threats of blowing up their ship, that they should not be punished. Rhett could only promise that he would use his influence in their behalf, upon which the pirates, to the number of forty, were taken to Charleston with their sloop.

Governor Johnson then sailed in search of Worley, taking command of the Colonial cruiser in person. He met the piratical craft about seventy-five miles north of Charleston, and a desperate action was immediately begun. The pirates fought with the ferocity of despair. Although much inferior in force, they inflicted great damage on the Colonial cruiser, killing a number of men and wounding more. Finally, every man in the pirate craft was killed or disabled, saving Worley himself and his second in command. These two fought a gun until desperately wounded, when they surrendered. They were taken into Charleston and hanged.

In the case of Steed Bonnett there were the old-time delays and legal hitches, so that it was about a year after his capture before he was hanged. His forty companions, however, were promptly hanged after conviction, which was a matter of only a few days after their arrival in port. They were all executed on the same day, on the spot where the beautiful Battery now is.



THE PIRATES FOUGHT WITH THE FEROCITY OF DESPAIR

THE CAREER OF CAPTAIN KIDD

The case of Captain William Kidd is a good illustration of the general looseness on the high seas at this time. A large number of privateers had been fitted out at New York, and there were reasons to believe that they did not always confine their attentions to the enemy's commerce, but appropriated goods of the colonists.

With a view of checking these depredations a privateer was fitted out with sanction of the Government, and Captain Kidd was placed in command of her. In this enterprise the High Lord Chancellor and several other distinguished noblemen had shares, while one-tenth of the profits were to revert to the Crown. The vessel sailed from Plymouth, England, in 1696, but instead of directing his energies against the lawless privateers and pirates on the American coast, Kidd spent three years in the Indian Ocean plundering the commerce of all nations.

Kidd finally turned his bow toward America, and, anchoring in Gardiner's Bay, buried some of his treasures on Gardiner's Island, which for many years has been owned by a family of that name. Kidd intrusted Mr. Gardiner with his secret and then sailed away, burying other treasures at different points along the shore.

Kidd then paid and discharged his crew, and, appearing in Boston in 1699, was arrested. Among his papers was found a list of his buried treasures, and when the officials presented themselves to Mr. Gardiner, Kidd's box of booty was recovered. The plunder consisted of bags of gold dust, gold and silver bars, jewelry, etc., in all valued at about $20,000. Kidd was sent to England and tried, and it is a curious commentary on the times to note that, on May 9, 1701, he was executed, not for piracy, but on the charge of killing one of his own crew.

HOW PIRACY WAS DISCOURAGED

Piracy increased rather than diminished on the North American coast after the peace of 1713; the ship Whidah, of twenty-three guns and one hundred and thirty men, under the command of Captain Samuel Bellamy, seized vessels off the New England coast as late as 1717. His career was cut short by a storm in which his vessel was wrecked off Cape Cod, more than one hundred bodies being washed ashore. Six of his men who escaped the sea were seized, tried in Boston, and executed.

These drastic measures did much toward clearing the coast of freebooters, but did not exterminate them entirely, for we find that in 1723 a British sloop-of-war entered Newport with twenty-five pirates, who were sentenced to be hanged.

That the line between privateering and piracy was not very distinctly drawn by the middle of the eighteenth century is shown in an item published in one of the "newspapers" of New York, in 1747:

> "Captain Troup, in the privateer brig Royal Hester, of this port, lately met with a Danish vessel which had a Spanish merchantman with eight thousand pieces of money on board. Captain Troup thought proper to accept of the money, and paying the Dane his freight, very civilly dismissed him."

THE BRAVE WORK OF A WIFE

The first sea-fight after the battle of Bunker Hill was that between the captured schooner Unity and the British armed cutter Margaretta, Lieutenant Moore. The men who came from Pleasant River to the American ship were short of powder, having only two or three charges each. It appears that one of them, Josiah Weston, of Jonesboro', forgot his powder-horn. After his departure his wife, Hannah, noticed the oversight, and, following the trail through the woods, reached Machias on the next day with the precious powder.

In this plucky tramp through the woods Mrs. Weston was accompanied by her husband's sister, Miss Rebecca Weston, a frail girl, fifteen years old. Mrs. Weston herself was in her seventeenth year, and had been married five months. The powder, which was carried in a bag, weighed forty pounds. There were no roads or bridges, and the two girls followed spots on trees.

AN AUDACIOUS ATTACK

A number of spirited affairs like that of the Margaretta took place at the outbreak of

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Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of three papers on the Romance of our American Privateersmen, which Edgar S. Maclay has written for The Saturday Evening Post.

the Revolution, the result of private enterprise. From an English source we get the following account of an audacious attack on British transports by an American privateer:

> "On the twenty-third of November, 1775, a small fleet of transports under the convoy of the frigate Tartar, arrived off Boston, and, with the exception of two, safely entered the port. The ship Hunter and a brig, owing to a shift in the wind, were obliged to anchor outside the harbor, which, being observed by two American privateers that had been following the convoy, they, in the most daring manner, attacked and boarded them, setting them on fire.
>
> "A signal was immediately made for the Raven to weigh anchor and go in chase, but Lieutenant John Boutmaster, who had been appointed to protect Boston Lighthouse, then under repair, and who was in command of an armed transport, on observing the privateers fire upon the Hunter, set sail and reached the transports in time to save them from destruction."

RICH HAULS BY THE AMERICANS

From November 13, 1775, to the evacuation of Boston by the British, March 17, 1776, thirty-one English vessels, while endeavoring to gain port, were captured by the vigilant Americans. In this period there were only a few State cruisers in commission off Boston, so that a good share of these captures must be credited to private enterprise.

General Washington, acting on his own responsibility, borrowed two vessels from Massachusetts and sent them into the Gulf of St. Lawrence to intercept military supplies consigned to the enemy. These were the schooners Lynch and Franklin, the first carrying six guns, ten swivels, and seventy men, under the command of Captain Nicholas Broughton; and the second carrying four guns, ten swivels, and sixty men, commanded by Captain John Selman.

The Lynch and Franklin were highly successful. In the fall of 1775 they made ten prizes, and captured Governor Wright, of St. Johns.

"All of the vessels were released, however," wrote Elbridge Gerry to John Adams, "as we had waged a ministerial war and not one against our most gracious sovereign."

In the spring of 1776 the Franklin, then commanded by Captain James Mugford, captured the ship Hope and brought her safely into port. She was laden with fifteen hundred barrels of gunpowder, a large quantity of intrenching tools, gun carriages, and other stores which were intended for the British Army, all of which were duly forwarded to the troops under Washington—a sufficient commentary on his wisdom in sending such craft to sea.

COMMISSIONED BY WASHINGTON

The American Commander-in-Chief also sent out the little cruisers Lee and Harrison, issuing their commissions with his own hand. The Lee was commanded by Captain Daniel Waters, her first and second officers being Richard Stiles and Nicholas Ogilby; while the Harrison was under the orders of Captain Charles Dyar, her first and second officers being Thomas Dote and John Wigglesworth.

The Lee belonged to the State of Massachusetts, and while under the command of Captain John Manly made one of the most important captures of the war. On November 29, 1775, she entered Cape Ann Roads with her prize, the Nancy, the latter laden with two thousand muskets and bayonets, eight thousand fuses, thirty-one tons of musket shots, three thousand rounds of shot for twelve-pounders, a thirteen-inch mortar, two six-pounders, several barrels of powder, and fifty "carcasses," or great frames for combustibles designed for the purpose of setting buildings on fire.

On December 8 this cruiser captured three vessels: the Jenney, carrying two guns, a crew of twenty men, and a cargo of provisions; the Concord, with a cargo of dry goods, and the Hannah, a brig, with a cargo of rum. These vessels were not taken without a fierce struggle with a fourth, a convoying ship, which, though mounting eight guns, was finally beaten off.

The prizes were brought into port, and the Hannah's cargo alone netted $25,000 to her captors.

Writing War History

NEVER before have the chief actors in a war recorded their experiences in print as rapidly and as explicitly as since the Spanish-American conflict. Nearly every commander of note and many of lesser fame have contributed articles upon the war to magazines.

It has been a matter of wonderment among laymen that these obviously untrained writers should have been able to turn out such finished literary compositions as most of them have.

This was explained the other day by the editor of one of the leading magazines. He said that one of the chief naval heroes of the war, whose articles had attracted considerable attention, had been the guest of a member of the editorial staff of the magazine. By having the writer for a guest it was possible to extract from him the promised work, but a good deal of patience and tact were required. Both author and editor were heartily glad when the task finally reached completion.

BOOKS of the WEEK

Confessions of An Actress*

HABIT hardens a man, they say, and it may be so. Still, for the most hardened critic it is a gravely serious business to cut the pages of a new book. There is much more in it than white paper stamped with little black letters. The small black imps go marching in straight lines across a snowy field, chattering confidences as they go. They shout and laugh, and cry and whisper. They tell you far more of the author's thoughts and life and ideals than you would learn were he—or she—to sit at morning coffee with you for a decade. And when the book is a woman's, you should open it timidly—with a sort of polite air—as you would open the door of her boudoir.

But the book is mere fiction? The matter is not quite so simple: a woman never writes fiction; she writes confessions.

I have just read A Silent Singer, by Clara Morris, and, even had I never seen her act, I am competent to tell you just how she would play a part. In her book you find all the qualities—fervor and strength, crude forces of pathos and passion—that made her acting notably popular. It is not that the eleven short stories making up this volume have any peculiar originality. Indeed, they are in no degree nearer real literature than the men and women behind the footlights approach the manner of every-day life. But they are told as only an actress could tell them, with pretty theatrical pauses and sad, shivery music from the orchestra.

Of all the stories, the most ambitious (and the worst) is the one that gives the title to the volume. It is a strange mixture of stage pathos and what would seem to be personal observation, and, in a word, it rings false. Almost the same might be said of Myra's Waiting—the story is of a poor, half mad old woman who waited to join her little children, long dead.

The best of the stories are the simplest—John Hickey, Coachman, a sketch of a grim, faithful old servant; Black Watch, a well-made little drama, in which a short-haired dog is "leading man"; and then, best of all—the story of Dinah. I should say that Dinah was a rag doll, the property of Marie, a horrid, vixenish little girl; and in the adventures of this precious pair there is absolutely no hint of the theatre. The small vixen is as real as bread and butter. The character of the rag doll, too, is worth studying. It is in this story that Miss Morris has made her confession: a winsome love for childhood, a gentle understanding of good little girls and bad little girls, and, as well, rag dolls. All the rest is fiction.

A Literary Ship-Chandler†

Mr. Frank T. Bullen, a sailorman, wrote The Cruise of the Cachelot, a book full of deep-sea wonder and strenuous whaling adventures. Every one praised him, as was meet. Now on the heels of his success he has sent out another book, Idyls of the Sea, which is not quite so good. Indeed, it is impudently padded with reprinted articles—editorial discussions of England's merchant marine and the naval reserve, and all that. All these were good enough newspaper articles in their place, but as Idyls they are sailing under a false flag.

Since Mr. Kipling set the example in his Journey from Sea to Sea, it is the habit of the young English writers to knock the Yankee about the ears. Mr. Bullen is quite in the fashion. This is his idea of the American manner of speech: "But I perceive you are an American citizen."

"Perseev' nothin', y' abbrevyated galoot," growled he; "hain't enny persepshun' about ye, 'r y'ewd see I'm waitin' ter be interviewed, same's all th' other sellebritiz."

There is a great deal more of this—pages of it. Without quarreling with the spelling of this learned sailorman (he is a clerk in the Weather Bureau, I believe), I should like very much to know what difference there is between the pronunciation of "perseev" and "perceive"?

All this aside, there are some very charming sketches in the book—descriptions of land and sea, of the sea-birds, and the queer fish of the world of waters. Here you may learn, if you will, how to catch flying-fish; on the next page you will find a great deal of British Museum lore "concerning sharks"; while a little farther on are similar essays on the devil-fish, the turtle, and the kraken. And the style in which these encyclopedia facts are presented!

More akin to his title is the Loss of the First-Born, a true idyl of the sea. It is the fanciful story of a whale and her calf, that escapes the perils of shark and storm, to perish on the whalers' harpoon. As for the rest of the stories, they are rather heavy and a trifle pompous—as though they had been hammered on the anvil by the light of the midnight lamp. Mr. Bullen has courage, too, though I cannot quite make up my mind that it is of the best sort.

I am afraid it must be said that Mr. Bullen's way of writing, in this book, is peculiarly bad. He mistakes "fine writing," as the schoolboys say, for good writing. Instead of stating a plain matter in plain terms, he wraps it up in gilded, ornate and crooked language, pastes on it a phrase or two of bad French or Latin—and dubs it an idyl. It is impossible to praise a writer who calls a big head "a tremendous caput."

—*Vance Thompson.*

Plots and Counterplots*

MISS McCHESNEY'S romance, Rupert, by the Grace of God, seems to me distinctly above the average of contemporary historical fiction, and is noticeable for the freshness of its central motive. The period of Puritan and Cavalier has been so assiduously worked out by novelists that it is a noteworthy triumph, indeed, to find new and good matter in it. The heroic figure of Prince Rupert is sufficient in itself to throw a glamour over pages much less interesting than those of Miss McChesney.

The romance tells of a plot, originating among the Royalists, but not lacking in powerful Roundhead support, for snatching the crown from the unwise head of Charles and transferring it to that of his mighty nephew. Around this plot gathers an intricate web of conflicting interests and warring passions. There are enough lovely and capricious women, enough men gallantly contentious to fulfill the conventional requirements of the historical romance. The background of the story is faithful to the known facts and to the temper of the times; and the central action, the desperate conspiracy to place Rupert on the throne, has that kind of plausibility which makes one wonder if it may not be true, after all. There are, of course, infinitely more plots hatched than ever come to light, as all but those which succeed have a rooted aversion to publicity; and among all the undiscovered plots which one's imagination may unearth, none could be more reasonable than this, which might have solved so many problems for England.

The main defects of the story, it seems to me, arise out of the author's audacity in electing to tell it in the first person. The speaker is a young Cavalier in Rupert's service. The author is a woman. The result is, at times, a curious feminine treble in the would-be manly tones, which rather seriously mars the illusion.

A woman may most successfully create, analyze or describe men, but it is difficult for her to speak like a man. I do not doubt that if the ablest of our masculine romancers were to put his story into the mouth of a female character the result would be equally open to criticism.

When Henry VIII was King†

Mr. Frank Mathew's new novel deals with a few years in the life of Henry VIII, from the final overthrow and death of the great Cardinal to the downfall of his enemy, Thomas Cromwell. The gay, brave, merciless butterfly, Anne, flutters across the pages to her doom; and Henry, painted without vehemence, but with quiet, unrelenting subtlety of touch, looms behind the movement like a monstrous fate, his pleasantries more appalling than his rage. When, in the last paragraphs, Catharine Howard creeps into his arms, and his dark heart warms to her, we feel the ax already upon the whiteness of her young neck. The story is in no way so elaborate or so rich in plot as the one we have just been considering.

Structurally, it is somewhat slight, and at the end are many threads left loose. In fact, it is episodic in its construction. But it is sound history with the breath of life breathed into it; it is interesting; and, above all, it has what we always confidently look for in Mr. Mathew's work, viz., style. This is the final distinction, and Mr. Mathew has it. His romances, it seems to me, are of more than merely contemporary interest.

Beatrice Harraden's Novel‡

The Fowler, on the other hand, treats of matters of to-day, and its interest is not likely to go far beyond to-day. Interest it undoubtedly has, and enthusiasm, and a good deal of force, and some humor that rings true. But much of the sentiment does not ring quite true. The two chief characters, though drawn with painstaking care, bear but scant resemblance to the men and women of real life. They are manufactured out of Miss Harraden's preconceptions.

The man is melodramatically unreal, with a quaint, rather inexplicable kinship to some of Ouida's men. Of course he is not tall, and not beautiful, and not agreeable, and not flamboyantly immoral; nevertheless, to my mind, the kinship is there. The philosophy of the book is at times unbelievably youthful, and its elaborate ironies have an edge of pewter. On the other hand, there is some very effective character-drawing in the minor parts; and, natural or not, the characters do stand out very clearly one from another. There is also a good deal of humanity from first to last. With all its defects, which are of a kind not congenial to the idiosyncrasies of my own taste, the book convinces me that Miss Harraden has the seeing eye and a great deal of talent.

—*Charles G. D. Roberts.*

Making a Play of The Gadfly.—The dramatization of novels and romances goes on by the wholesale. The latest announcement is that Stuart Robson will produce a drama in the fall, based on or taken from Mrs. Voynich's novel, The Gadfly. The story has many dramatic situations, and, it is said, has been exceedingly well arranged by the author. It is a curious coincidence that the novelist's taste tends to religious rather than dramatic literature, and her library is largely composed of works upon theological, ecclesiastical and kindred topics.

Couldn't Frighten Marshall.—Edward Marshall, whose Story of the Rough Riders is having a good run, is one of the curious characters of New York literary life. While on the one hand he has an extraordinary imagination, on the other he is imperturbability personified. When he first came to New York he secured a position on the editorial staff of a large syndicate. One day there was an alarm of fire and an office-boy rushed in, calling out:

"Fire! Run for your lives!"

Marshall was writing. He turned, removed his glasses, drew out a handkerchief, wiped the lenses, and then calmly asked: "Do you think I shall have time to finish this story?"

Without waiting for a reply, he went on with his work without further interruption.

From Palmistry to Persian Poetry.—Edward Heron Allen, whose version of Omar Khayyam's Rubaiyat has reached a second edition, is a London solicitor, a noted palmist, and an amateur violinist. He is exceedingly eccentric. Many years ago he gave up his law office in London, came to New York, and for a long time held public attention by lectures on palmistry and very clever contributions to the daily and weekly press. He compiled a volume of poems on the violin which he published long afterward in London at his own expense, refusing to sell any copies, and giving only to musicians and to poets who had contributed to its pages.

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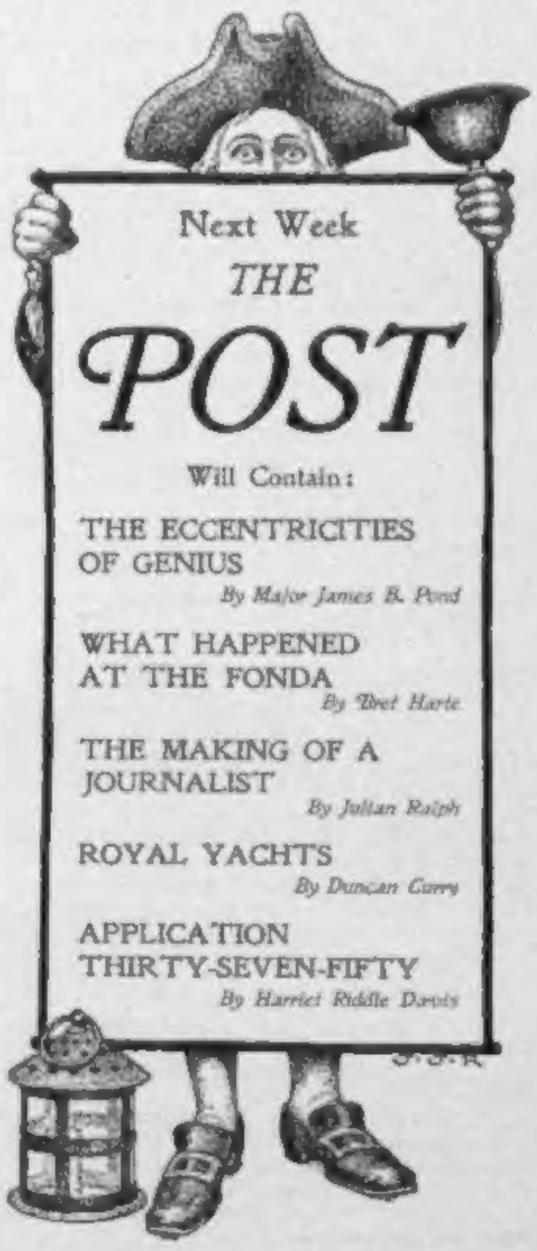

*A Silent Singer. By Clara Morris. *Brentano.*
†Idyls of the Sea. By Frank T. Bullen. *D. Appleton & Co.*

*Rupert, by the Grace of God. By Dora McChesney. *The Macmillan Company.*
†Defender of the Faith. By Frank Mathew. *John Lane.*
‡The Fowler. By Beatrice Harraden. *Dodd, Mead & Co.*

MY FIRST STAR

By Major James B. Pond

MY FRIENDS often ask how I got into the lyceum business. I drifted into it, the same as most people do who have to find some place for which they are fitted, or try to. It was my fortune to be raised on the frontier. My father was one of the pioneers of Wisconsin. He was an abolitionist. The Bible and the New York Trybune,. not Tribune, were almost synonymous in our family, and about the only library we had.

Wisconsin was a sort of refuge for the fugitive slaves, and my father kept an underground station. Many a night I have slept out on the prairie with some runaway slave, with father and the neighbors protecting them against the United States Marshals, and I found myself, when eighteen years of age, carrying a rifle with John Brown, in Kansas, in 1856.

When I was between thirteen and fourteen, after my father had given me a most severe drubbing for telling a lie which was not a lie, I ran away.

I was in Fond du Lac. I remember the wooden sidewalks, and seeing the boys with shoes on in the summer. How I pitied them; I thought it dreadful! I was looking at the wonderful scenes, gazing with intense interest into the shop-windows. All of a sudden I heard a noise in a shop. I looked in and saw it was a printing-office. It was so wonderful I ventured to step inside the door. Just then the foreman said, "What do you want?"

I said "Nothing," and stepped back

MAJOR JAMES B. POND

He said: "Don't you want to learn a trade?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Don't you want to be a printer's devil?"

At that I was still more frightened. He said, "You see the editor in that sanctum——" Just then a man came to the door and spoke very gently to me. I never forgot that.

He said, "I want an apprentice to learn the trade. Would you like to try? I will give you $25 for the first year, $30 for the second, and $50 for the third." I agreed.

"You go in there and roll that press."

It seems the regular devil had had an altercation with the foreman, and left, and one of the journeymen printers was rolling a bill, while a man outside with his sulky and horse was waiting for it. To make a long story short, I was inside there and covered with printers' ink in a very few minutes. After the handbill was printed, the foreman lifted the form and said:

"Take it to the sink and wash it."

I started for the sink, and right in front of the sink it seems a little of the lye had accumulated, and the floor was slippery. I slipped and down I went, and the chase went over my head, and the type in all directions, and the foreman said: "There! by thunder! You leave!"

The editor stepped out and said:

"What is the matter?"

"He pied that form," replied the foreman.

"Did you show him how to wash it?" asked the editor.

"He leaves, or I do," said the foreman.

"You can, if you want," said the editor.

Probably you can imagine my feelings at having such a friend to take my part. So the foreman left, and I did the best I could picking up the type until it was about time to quit, when he told me to come to his house.

I went, and I looked in; I did not dare step in. There was a white tablecloth and napkins—I had never seen them before. There were figures in the carpet. I was barefooted. I sat down and went through some motions, but didn't eat any supper. Next morning I was to be at the office, and open and sweep it, by seven o'clock.

At seven o'clock the printers came around. The editor came in. "Boy, what is your name?"

"James."

"Your office is looking fine. You are beginning fine."

And so it has been going ever since. Somebody would find fault occasionally. I had a great deal of praise. I served my time as a printer, and then went up into Missouri and found myself near Kansas. That summer I was working on the Herald of Freedom. I went down with John Brown. During the fall I went to St. Louis, to work during the winter.

In 1863 I found myself associated with the first gentile paper in Utah, the Salt Lake Tribune. About that time the railroad had reached Zion, and there was a tremendous influx of gentiles. We had officers who could not be bought by the Mormons, and there was considerable excitement. Frequently a Mormon was put under arrest. There were so many gentiles that they could not possibly find accommodations at the hotels, and Brigham Young proclaimed to his people that they could open their houses and receive gentile boarders, and that a fair price for their board—not exorbitant, but a fair price—should be charged. He thought three dollars a week a good price to pay for board.

It happened that a Methodist minister and his wife, the Rev. C. C. Stratton, obtained board with Ann Eliza Young, then Brigham Young's last and nineteenth wife. Ann Eliza was born and educated in Utah. Her mother was one of the first converts of Joseph Smith, in Nauvoo, Illinois, or several years before they went to Nauvoo. Ann Eliza was a very intelligent woman, but her whole life was circumscribed by Mormonism. She had never attended any other church, and never read any other literature but Mormon books. She was a conscientious woman.

It was through the cruelty of her husband and the acquaintance with this Methodist minister that she apostatized.

One evening it was arranged that Ann Eliza should tell her story to the guests of the hotel and the officials there. I was there and had something to do with making the arrangements. She did give her story—the most interesting and thrilling story that anybody ever heard in the world. That speech was telegraphed by the Associated Press, and the next day came telegrams from all over the country. One was from James Redpath, the owner of the Lyceum Bureau of Boston, asking her to lecture.

Our people decided that if Ann Eliza could tell her story in Washington we would get some attention and legislation. We had never been able to get any attention or legislation, and after some talk I happened to be available, and I went to Washington with her. So I made a proposition that if she would go on a lecture tour I would manage it, and so she came on to Washington.

Although she was to speak first in Washington, they were determined to hear her at Denver. I got the schoolroom, charged $1.50 a ticket, sold 400 tickets, and took in $600 that evening.

I remember when she was to appear in Denver I went to the house and did not know her. She was dressed up, and—well, she looked pretty. The leading Methodist minister—she had been converted by a Methodist, and they claimed her—introduced her to one of the largest audiences ever in Denver.

Armed with letters of introduction to the Speaker, and the President, and nearly all of the members of Congress, we reached Washington, and there we got into the Speaker's room and she sent her card to the Speaker. He was in the chair. He came out and shook hands with her, and he was half tempted to be a little bit funny and jocose, but he discovered at once that she was a woman with a cause, and an earnest one, and in a moment his attention was riveted. He did not go back, but he sent word to somebody else to take his place, and in a few minutes somebody else came into the Speaker's room, and in not over ten minutes that room was packed with members of Congress. There was a stampede on the floor, and she held them for two hours. Everybody wanted to see and hear her. Two days after that she did tell her story in Washington. Forty-eight hours later the bill for the relief of the oppressed women in Utah was a law.

I will say now that in all my experience I have never found so eloquent, so interesting, so earnest a talker. I have heard a great many, too. She had a cause. She was in dead earnest. She was able in two years from that time to leave Utah with her children and her family, and she never returned.

Editor's Note—Following this article, and beginning in the next number of The Saturday Evening Post, will appear a series of four articles, by Major Pond, on The Eccentricities of Genius. Paper No. 1 will deal with some famous orators he has known.

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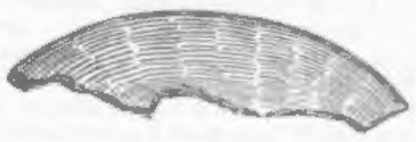

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